TRUE AND INFERNAL

FRIENDSHIP,

OR THE

WISDOM OF EVE.

AND THE

CHARACTER OF THE SERPENT,

WITH THE

SITUATION, JOYS, AND LOSS OF PARADISE.

Herein Truth and Constancy extoll'd,
And the Inconstant deep in grief involved.

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TO THE READER.

ALTHOUGH this work may be deemed by the reader, a satirical novel, the subject on which it is founded, is believed by the Author, to be the truth ; and to coincide with reason and revelation. Wherefore, the candid readers who shall be pleased to peruse it, (it is hoped,) will examine it without prejudice, and apply it to themselves, and if they find it agrees with reason, and revelation, and coincides with their own feelings, dispositions, and views, they will not think the Authors motives criminal, in writing and presenting it to the public ; but will by reading the work, see the dangers of friendship, and the folly of pride ; and distinguish between that friendship which tends by its nature to exalt beings to higher happiness, and that which tends to destroy their felicity, that this work may answer the end for which it was designed.

Friendship is a name generally used by mankind, to denote something that is good, benevolent, and kind ; yet we find many deeds of barbarity, treachery, intrigue, and deceit, clothed with this endearing name ; and we see the peace, prosperity, and happiness of nations, families, and individuals, destroyed by something called friendship, and on strict examination, perhaps we should find, that the greatest part (if not all) of the troubles, woes, and disappointments of mankind, originate, or spring from something that is called friendship. We find on examination, that many discords, and contentions are caused by falsehood, deceit, and intrigue, yet there are many that use deception, falsehood, and intrigue, to befriend others, (as they pretend) and even advise others to prove false, inconstant, and treacherous, out of friendship to them ; such displays of friendship, love, and kindness, often occurs in these days. Some (comparative speaking,) take others up into exceeding high moun-

tains, and show them all the kingdoms of the world, and offer to give them all the riches and glory of them, if they will fall down and worship them—That is, some make great pretensions of friendship to others, and flatter them with the prospect of high attainments, and tell them if they will follow their instructions, and advice, and break some promise or engagement, or prove inconstant, or false to their words, or dictates of their own hearts, or the like, they may obtain high connections, live in ease and oppulence, and be exalted to higher honor and happiness; while those who heed such counsel and advice, are made objects of disappointment and disgrace.

Furthermore, we find friendship often standing in contrast with friendship, or rising in opposition with friendship. We see the Emperor of *France*, professing love and friendship to *Spain*; and out of love and friendship to that country, placing his Brother on the throne. We see the *Spaniards*, out of friendship to their country, refusing to accept of the proffered sovereign, while *Napoleon*, to convince them of his friendship, and their blindness, filling their country with armies, destroying their lives, and wounding them as it were to death. In the United States of America, we see two political parties contending with each other; each party professing themselves to be true friends to their country. One party branding the other with the name of *Tories*, *Rebels*, &c. and the other accusing their opponents with fraud, injustice, and involving their country in unnecessary war, &c. Each party apparently ready to take arms against their opponents, to convince them by martial power, that they are the truest friends to their country; and many similar instances of friendship may be seen displayed in these days. Ask *Napoleon* why he placed his Brother on the throne of *Spain*: He will tell you it was out of friendship to that country. Ask the *Spaniards* why they rejected the proffered sovereign: They will tell you it was out of friendship to their country. Ask any individual of the political parties in America, why he is so zealous in his cause: He will tell you it is

out of friendship to his country; and not one can be found, (it is presumed,) in any Nation or Kingdom, but what will declare himself to be a true friend to his country. Yet in the nature of things, it will admit of a possibility, that there can be, and are some who are not true friends to their country, party, or to mankind. But as this work is designed to show who are true friends, and who are not, and to describe and distinguish between true friendship, and false, the readers are referred for a further delineation to the wisdom of *Eve*, in the second part of this work.

A very singular instance of friendship, we have an account of in scripture, displayed in Paradise, or Garden of Eden, (and is the subject on which the following work is founded,) The wise and benevolent Creator, it appears, formed and placed *Adam* and *Eve*, and the whole Creation, in a state of perfect felicity, gave and adorned them with his image, and the beauties of holiness, clothed them with robes of innocence and love, and gave them a realm exceeding beautiful and pleasant for a residence; and placed them in a garden yielding delicious and immortal fruit, and warned them as a kind Parent would a child, to shun that which would (by nature) destroy their souls, or happiness; and one would have thought, that such a display of friendship would have excited the deepest gratitude in their breasts, and that they would have placed the greatest confidence in the Creator's commands, and considered him their truest and best friend. Yet it appears, though placed in this high exalted state of happiness, and experiencing this wonderful display of friendship, *Eve* was induced to distrust her Heavenly Parent's friendship and commands, and place confidence in the *Serpent's* advice, and to believe the *Serpent* to be her best friend. Her heavenly Parent it appears, had a great regard for her welfare and happiness, and had made her as happy as he had power to make her. The *Serpent*, it appears sought to exalt her to a higher state of knowledge and bliss, and taught her that her parent's commands were not worth her notice, and destroyed that confidence *Eve* had pla-

ced in her Creator's injunctions. Which was the best or truest friend to *Eve*, may be made a question to decide, though demonstrated by the event.

The wise Parent, or Creator, it appears was actuated in his friendship by true and benevolent motives. The complete happiness, union, and lasting life of his family was his aim. But the friendship of the *Serpent*, was founded on proud and selfish views. The *Serpent* it appears sought to exalt *Eve*, by persuading her to prove false and inconstant, with a view perhaps to connect her with some higher being than *Man*; and for that end taught her that the dictates of her own heart, and her Parent's commands, were not worth noticing, or heeding. But the counsel it seems proved fatal to her felicity, and injured the whole family, and destroyed the friendship that subsisted between the happy creation; and consequently the friendship the *Serpent* displayed was false, and deserved the appellation of *Infernal*.

From these two singular displays of friendship, many inferences may be drawn, and application made. We may infer, that those who advise others to prove false, inconstant, and to break their promises, or engagements, with a view to exalt them, are not true friends, however great their pretensions to friendship may be, but are *Serpent's* in disguise. *Eve* (doubtless) would have remained forever happy, contented, and innocent, been admired by the whole creation, and her character been the most amiable of any in Paradise, had she rejected, or never adhered to the *Serpent's* advice; but by following proffered advice, and forsaking the dictates of her own heart, she was involved in disgrace and shame. Thus many by adhering to vile advice, loose their happiness and reputation, and destroy their own innocence and contentment. *Eve*, after she had transgressed her Parent's commands, and betrayed her friend into a fatal snare, endeavored (it appears,) to excuse herself, by saying she was advised to do it; but this it appears was not a sufficient excuse to exclude from punishment. The wise Parent condemned her for adhering to advice; hence we may infer, that it is criminal to hearken to

bad advice; that it is no reasonable excuse for a crime, to assert, we were advised to it by another.

The *Serpent* for advising *Eve*, it appears, committed a much greater crime than *Eve*, and was justly doomed to crawl upon the dust, and eat it for food. Hence we infer, that those who advise others to do wrong, are more criminal than those who follow their advice, and deserve greater punishment.

The wise Creator by the sentence he pronounced on the transgressors, made a complete display of justice; the sentence was (doubtless) considered by *Angels*, perfectly just. The *Serpent*, the instigator of the transgression, was condemned, and cursed above all the rest, and doomed to crawl to show his justice to the universe. The *Woman*, and *Man*, for adhering to advice, were severely punished; but as they were deluded into the transgression were restored again to favor. Thus a wise parent of a family, would display complete justice, and be applauded by mankind, by condemning the instigators of mischief and discord in family, with a severe punishment on restoring those enticed to transgress his commands to favor.

The *Serpent*, to effect *her* or *his* vile design, and to delude *Eve* into the fatal snare, taught a very criminal, or blasphemous doctrine. The *Serpent* sought to injure the character of their Heavenly Parent, by pretending the penalty he had pronounced, or fixed to the transgression, he would not inflict, and consequently they need not fear his threats, or regard his commands; and thus destroyed the confidence *Eve* had placed in him—and prevailed on *her* to eat forbidded food. By this it appears, the *Serpent* committed an unpardonable sin, when condemned made no excuse for the crime, but own the sentence just. Thus we may infer or conclude, that those who seek to injure the character of the Almighty Creator, or holy spirit, by teaching that he is the Author of sin, that it coincides with his will, or that he is the instigator of it, commits an unpardonable sin, and that God will be just in condemning them for seeking to injure his character.

That licentious doctrine taught by the *Serpent*, it appears has ever since the fall of *Man*, been embraced by mankind, as orthodox, (or by many,) and that that singular kind of friendship displayed by the *Serpent*, has existed among the human race, bearing the appellation of true. This singular doctrine, and kind of friendship it appears, originated from the *Devil*, or *Infernal Spirit*, who seeks to overthrow the happiness of all under the name of friendship.

And it is considered the *Devil* when he first saw the new created race, thought it an useless invention, and sought to destroy it, or them, under the cloke of friendship. Thus all new inventions, precepts, &c. meet with opposition from the children of pride—The christian religion meet with great opposition. The proud sought to overthrow and destroy it, and those who introduce it, they derided it, and considered it beneath their practice. All new inventions meet with opposition from the proud, or from this vile *Spirit*. Mankind raise numerous objects against new improvements, or inventions, and seek to destroy them, as the *Devil* did the new creation ; actuated with the same motives, they clothed their attempts with the name of friendship, and seek to injure those who introduce them.

The first part of this work is designed to show the introduction of this singular kind of friendship, and strange doctrine into the world; and the second, the fatal and sad effects of this doctrine and friendship. *Eve* in the first part shows the beauties and wisdom of truth, and constancy, in a long dialogue with the *Serpent;* and in the second, in a long soliloquy, the sad effect of not proving true and constant ; of heeding bad advice, and of putting confidence in those who advise to do wrong.

The first part ends with the fall of the creation ; and the second shows the discords that succeeded their fall, the defeat and disgrace of the *Serpent*, the connection of the kinds, the confounding or their language, and banishment from the celestial region, where it ends.

PREFACE.

THAT there are two kinds of *Friendship* existing in the universe, standing (by nature) in contrast with each other, and as different in their natures as light and darkness; and that one is entitled to the name of *true*, and the other deserving the appelation of *infernal*, is as evident, as that truth and falsehood exist, and stand in contrast with each other. But as falsehood always seeks to wear the name of *truth*, so does infernal friendship seek to bear the name of *true;* and those who display it wish to be considered as real or true friends. Thus the Serpent pretended to be a true friend to *Eve*, and under a pretence of friendship, advised her to *eat the forbidden fruit;* pretending it would exalt her to higher knowledge and happiness. But Eve, by adhering to the advice, lost Paradise, and was involved in disgrace and shame. And thus the *proud*, under a pretence of friendship, often destroy the reputation and happiness of others, by giving them unwise and vile advice.

Although the following work is designed by the Author to show the infernal nature and blindness of *pride*, and the false friendship often displayed by the proud—the subject is founded on his real belief, which coincides he conceives with reason and revelation. But as he thinks it will appear like a strange and absurd doctrine to the world, or to many, and be derided by the proud and vain, *he* offers a brief argument to support his opinion or belief, which is this:

1st.—That this Earth is a *hollow globe*, containing a *celestial region* in its centre, and the same that is called Paradise, Mount Zion, and Eden in scripture, where *Adam* and *Eve* and the new *creation* were placed when created; and from whence they were drove on *eating the forbidden fruit.*

2d.—That the whole Creation, (Man, Beast, Bird, Fish and Insect) spoke one language, and understood each other's speech when first created; and that mu-

tual love and friendship subsisted between them. But after they had *eat the forbidden fruit*, their language was *confounded*, and *enmity* reigned between the kinds.

3d.—That the *Serpent* was created *first*, or was the *eldest* of the Creation, and being tempted by *pride*, *eat the forbidden fruit*, and claim'd a right to govern all the rest on account of *age*, and under a pretence of *friendship*, advised *Eve* and all the Creation to eat the forbidden fruit.

4th.—Thath the *Devil, or spirit pride* is a self-existing spirit, that it was not created by a *holy spirit*, but has forever stood opposed to *holiness;* and that pride, and the decrees of pride are opposed to *truth*, and will be inverted by holiness, or by the decrees, foreknowledge, and power of holiness and truth.

PROOF.

1st SUGGESTION OR PROPOSITION.

That this Earth is a *hollow globe*, *&c.*—By the records of Scripture, both of the *Old* and *New Testament* it appears that there is a *region* or *beautiful realm* in the *centre* or *heart* of this Earth; that the first created Man, (*Adam*,) was formed of the dust of this Earth, and put into this realm, (then called *Eden*,) to *till* and *cultivate* it, and to have dominion over all that dwelt there. But he, (*Adam*,) breaking his Creator's law, was drove from this celestial region, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

It further appears by the predictions recorded in Scripture, that *this region* will be discovered, and be inhabited with the *human race;* that on this discovery a thousand years of perfect peace throughout all nations will take place, and *millennium* commence. And furthermore, it appears that this region is called *Paradise*, *Eden* and *Mount Zion*, or *Zion* in Scripture. A few of the passages that point out, show and intimate that such a region exists. I here note with brief remarks.

Genesis 2d chap. 7th and 8th v.—And the Lord God formed Man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and Man became a living soul; and the Lord God planted a Garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the Man he had formed. Now if the word Eden means this Earth, (as 'tis believed by many,) the Garden of Eden was *in* this Earth, (not *upon*.) But this does not appear to be the true meaning of the word, for if the word *Eden* means this Earth, the 16th v. of the 4th chap. might read thus—And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the Land of Nod on the East of the Earth—which is not consistent. But it appears that the word Eden means or signifies a region in this Earth, that the Garden was a part of the realm; for in the 10th v. of the 2d chap. we read that a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads, or become the heads of four large rivers; that is, the name of the first was *Pison*, which compasseth the whole land of Havilah; the second *Gihon*, which compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia, (doubtless the Nile;) the third *Hiddekel*, that goeth to the East of Assyria; and the fourth *Euphrates*. Now the heads of these Rivers, (or their appearance on this Earth) it is evident are very distant from each other, and that they run in very different directions; wherefore the Garden of Eden could not have been on the face of this Earth, for there is no place on this Earth where those Rivers unite, or where they spring from one fount, as testified in Scripture. But if the Garden of Eden was situate in the heart of this Earth, we may conceive, that these four Rivers can take their rise from one fountain, and yet run in very different directions on the face of this Earth, and perfectly coincide with the records of Scripture.

Furthermore, that Paradise is situated in the heart or centre of this Earth, appears evident from the testimony of our Saviour, when the Jews sought a sign of him, he answered them, (Matthew 12th chap. 39th and 40th v.)—There shall be no sign given to it, but the sign of Jonas the Prophet. For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall

the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.—And to the penitent Thief on the cross he said, to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise—which two sentences be taken in conjunction, plainly imply, that Paradise is in the centre or heart of this earth, and no other meaning can we affix to these words; for 't s evident from his own words that he was three days and three nights in the heart of the earth; and that he was in Paradise this time appears evident from what he told the Thief on the cross. Wherefore it appears evident that this earth is a hollow globe, that Paradise or Eden is situated in the centre of this earth. That this celestial region will be discovered and inhabited by mankind, appears evident by the prediction recorded in Scripture; and that the days of Millennium will commence on this discovery, and universal peace take place between all the nations, is no less evident.

Many are the passages in Scripture bearing this import, a few I remark. Isaiah 51st chap. 10th and 11th v.—Art thou not it which hath dried up the Sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and [illegible] and mourning shall flee away. By this sentence it appears the sea shall be dried up, to make a way for the ransomed to return or go to Zion, or to the celestial region in the centre of this earth.

Isaiah 35th chap. 8, 9 and 10th v.—And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, &c. By this it appears that there will be a way discovered to this celestial region; that it will be called the way of holiness, and that the righteous shall walk there, and return or go to Zion, &c.

Isaiah 2d chp. 2, 3 and 4th v.—And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Again, Micah 4th chap. 1, 2, 3 and 4th v.—But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plows-hares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. By these two passages, it appears that the time is soon coming, when the way to Zion will be discovered and known; that many people and nations shall flow unto it: that out of Zion, or (the region in the centre of this earth,) there shall come forth a law to all nations, to beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; or that the Lord will rebuke the nations, and they will conform to his commands, and learn war no more: and that an universal peace, and the days of Millenium commence.

These passages recited with many other's plainly imply that Paradise is situated in the centre of this earth; that man was drove from it for disobedience: and that it will be again discovered and inhabited by mankind. Some perhaps will say, That the drying up the sea, &c. alludes to the Israelites passing through the red sea, &c. But this cannot be the meaning, for it evident alludes to the same event shown in others, the return to Zion, Others will say, that this Mount Zion spoken off, is a mountain near Jerusalem called by that name. But this cannot be the meaning, for the Mount Zion here spoken off, appears to be a large region; so large that all nations shall flow unto it. Others will say, this Zion spoken off, is the Christian Church. But this cannot be the true import, for it evidently refers to a certain country or region, on the discovery of which the christian spirit shall pervade the world, and Millenium commence.

But if this Zion here spoken off is in the centre of this earth, how can it be called a mountain? Because its natural appearance must be such. If there is a region in the centre of this earth, (suppose $\frac{3}{4}$ of its diameter,) its natural appearance to those who behold, must be like a vast valley surrounded by a circular mountain, rising gradually on all parts as far as their sight can extend; which must unfold an exceeding delightful view, far superior to any this earth can yield. And must be exceeding beautiful in prospect and situation, as David expresses it in his Psalms—How beautiful for situation is Mount Zion; the joy of the whole earth. The beautiful prospect that such a region must natural yield, may be offered as a proof of its existing. And reason it seems must favor a belief of its existence: For which appears most reasonable, to believe that this Earth, measuring upwards of twenty-one thousand miles in circumference, to be a solid body, composed of rocks and earth? or that it is a hollow globe, containing a celestial and beautiful region in the centre? That Power that created all things by his word, could with as great ease create this earth a hollow globe, and illuminate it with light, as to have formed it a huge lump of matter and hang it upon nothing. Wherefore in the follow-

ing work it is considered, (as believed,) that Eden and the Celestial Garden of Eden, to be situated in the centre of this Earth : That Adam and the happy creation were placed in this Garden, in full view of Mount Zion and the Elysian fields; and that they were drove from this celestial region for disobedience.

2nd PROPOSITION.

We find no account in Scripture of the whole Creation's speaking one language when in the celestial garden ; all we find, is that the Serpent conversed with Eve ; wherefore we have reason to believe, that the whole Creation, Birds, Beasts, Fish, &c. were possest with the same power of speech as the Serpent, and could talk and converse with each other, and understand each other's words. Josephus the Jewish Historian informs us this was the case ; or that the whole creation spoke one language. That mutual love and friendship existed between the kinds is reasonable to believe ; for it could not have been an happy state without it ; and doubtless each kind retained a mutual regard for each other ; and Man, though placed at the head, dwelt in friendship with the rest, until the vile advice and treacherous conduct of the Serpent destroyed their felicity ; thus it is in the following work considered.

3d PROPOSITION.

We find no proof in Scripture that the Serpent was the *oldest* of the creation : (we read of the *old* serpent, &c.) But this is the Author's conjecture ; for it appears evident that Man was not the *first* created ; yet he was made ruler over the rest, and placed at the head of the creation. And it further appears, that the Serpent usurped the power, and endeavored to controul Eve by advice, and make her an object of speculation.

As there is a natural proneness in the oldest members, or children of families to claim pre-eminence over the younger, and to dictate and controul them, and make them objects of their speculation : So it is conjectured and considered, that the Serpent was the *oldest* or *first*

created; and being excited by pride, usurped the power to govern all the rest on account of *age;* and by vile advice and subtlety, destroy the felicity and happiness of the whole creation.

*** As it is considered more applicable to the subject, the *female gender* is affixed to the Serpent in the following work: this perhaps may be deemed a deviation from Scripture.

4th PROPOSITION.

There is a belief prevailing among mankind, that the holy Creator, is the Author of sin. Some cannot conceive, how the Creator can foreknow of a sinful deed taking place, without being the instigator of it. Such a belief must be very erroneous, and dangerous; for it injures the character of an holy being, and destroys that confidence men ought to place in him. It was a belief of this doctrine it appears, that caused the fall of Man, and banished *Adam* from the *Celestial Garden*, and involved him in disgrace. For the *Serpent*, it appears, taught this doctrine to *Eve*, and insinuated into her mind a belief that their Creator was false, or that he knew otherwise, than what he had enjoined, and that his commands were not worth her notice. For the Lord God commanded the Man saying, of every tree of the Garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eatest, thou shalt surely die. But the *Serpent* said unto the Woman, ye shall not surely die, for God doth know, &c. Here it appears evident, the *Serpent* contradicted the Creator, and made *Eve* believe their heavenly Parent was false, and induced *Eve* to distrust her Creator; and thus enticed her to eat the forbidden fruit. Before this, it appears, she had placed the greatest confidence in her Creator's commands, and would have remained forever innocent, happy, and immortal, had it not been for the counsels of the *Serpent*. Nor does it appear that *Eve* fell an easy victim to the vile counsel, and base doctrine, taught by the *Serpent;* but did reject the forbidden fruit, and the invitations of the *Serpent*, with great firmness, and constancy, until the *Serpent* eat of the fruit before her: For it says, And

when the Woman saw that the Tree was good for food,(or that the *Serpent* eat of it and did not die,) she took of the fruit of it, and did eat. There it appears, the *Serpent* blinded *Eve*, with a belief, that the threatened fate, was the death of *body*, and thus enticed her. But it is evident the threatened fate was the death of the *soul*, or image of the Creator, (the love of holiness and truth,) which she lost in the day or moment she eat. The *Serpent* for teaching this doctrine it appears, committed an unpardonable sin, and was curst above all, and doomed to crawl on the dust, to show God's justice to the universe. If such was the condemnation of the *Serpent*, for teaching this doctrine, ought those not fear who seek to prove, that the holy Creator is the Author of sin? and that all wickedness is decreed, and coincides with the will of God, or blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, by saying, he hath an unclean spirit? In discussing this proposition, the great enquiry is, the origin of sin, from what all sin originates, and what excites to sin?

It appears it is pride. Pride is the author of sin. It was pride that caused the fall of *Angels*, and *Man*.—It excites and tempts *Man* to transgress the commands of Heaven—It induces many to prove inconstant, and fickle—It is the cause of contention, jars, and wars, of discords and debate—It enslaves its votaries, and leads them to disgrace—It hates all that is holy, innocent, and lovely, and excites in the breast of beings, corrupt and vain views—It causes mortals to prove false, and treacherous; and it is the instigator of mischief, maliciousness, and all sin—Falsehood, envy, hatred, deceit, treason, intrigue, and malice are its attributes or image—and were it not for pride, this world would be a paradise of joy, a kingdom of holiness, and a realm of peace and happiness—Yet mankind cherish it as the darling of their breast, esteem it their friend, and are led captives by it—the proud are of all beings the most obscene; yet they are in their own opinion the most noble—The proud hate pride in others, yet they cherish pride in themselves—Pride is the power of darkness; it blinds the minds of mortals, and leads them into captivity—And pride it appears, bears the appellation of *Devil*, or *Satan*, in Scripture; for it says,

God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble; therefore, resist the *Devil*, and he will flee from you; that is, resist pride, &c. And for this cause was the Son of God made manifest, that he might destroy the works of the *Devil*, or pride; for it is evident that the labours of the Son of God, when on earth, was to destroy the works of pride; he rejected every offer of pride, and led captivity captive, and gained a complete victory over it.

From whence did pride originate?

It could not originate or spring from holiness, or from a holy spirit; for it is by nature opposed to holiness, and truth. All the aims and works of pride, (or the proud,) are to destroy, and invert that which is lovely, peaceable, and holy; the proud look upon holiness, and true religion, as beneath their notice, and considers humility, a mean and degrading grace. Hence we infer, that a spirit which is so opposed to holiness, could not have originated from holiness; as it is impossible for truth to create falsehood, or light to create darkness. So it is impossible for holiness to create pride, or for a holy spirit to create an evil spirit. Wherefore, the Almighty Creator of the universe, being a holy spirit, cannot be the Creator of sin, or any spirit but what is holy, like himself.

Hence, the spirit *Pride*, or the *Devil*, is a self-existing spirit, and co-equal in existence with the spirit of holiness, or the Creator of the universe, with whom it has forever stood in opposition, or in contrast. The truth of this appears, is demonstrated in the 8th chapter of St. John.

The proud and haughty Jews claimed their origin from God, and called God their Father. But our Saviour declared they were not from God, but were from beneath; that they were of their Father the *Devil*, who was a murderer from the beginning, who abode not in the truth, that the truth was not in him. When he spoke a lie, he spoke of his own; for he was a liar, and the Father of lies. Thus it appears, that pride is the author of sin; that it is the instigator of all wickedness; that it is self-existent, and co-equal in existence with holiness; that it is an infernal friend to mankind;

that it blinds their minds, destroys their happiness, and leads them into captivity; that the proud are the children of the *Devil*, and must suffer the just displeasure of a holy being.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE new Creation being placed in the Garden of Eden, enjoy the sublimest happiness; created and inspired by the delicious food of the Garden, the beauty of the Elysian fields, and bright appearance of *Mount Zion*, rising gradually in all parts around them, but most by the love and regard they retain for each other, and the friendship that subsisted between them; they meet each morn, noon, and evening, and united sing a divine Anthem. The *Devil*, or spirit *Pride*, enraged at their songs, calls his infernal hosts to a counsel in the dark abodes of *Hell*, and declares to them his hatred to truth and holiness; advises them to oppose the laws of holiness as tyrannic; he derides the new created world, and considers it a needless and useless invention; and declares all new inventions, an injury to the universe, or their country; and admonishes his *Imps* to exert themselves to destroy them; and sends *Saturnus*, to explore the new invented world and race, and to destroy the happiness and the friendship that subsisted between the new creation. *Saturnius* set out on his expedition, and the internal counsel dissolve.

The wise Creator views the vile designs of *Satan*, and sends an *Angel* to warn the happy creation of their danger, who strictly admonishes the race, to heed the command of their Creator, and to follow the dictates of their own hearts, and to shun all proffered counsels or advice. They with joy receive his admonitions, and disperse around the garden and fields; while *Adam*, and *Eve*, walk along the chrystal stream, high animated with the beautiful appearance of *Mount Zion*, and the *Elysian Fields*. They bind themselves with mutual promises, to regard the commands of Heaven, and to prove constant and true to each other. Mean time *Sa-*

turnius enters the fair abode, learns what was allowed, and what forbid by Heaven, and that the *Serpent* was created first, but that the supremacy was given to man; whereupon he flies to the *Serpent*, and fills the *Serpent* with a belief, that their Creator was unjust in giving the government to Man. Excites the *Serpent* to eat the forbidden fruit, and claim a right to govern all the rest, on account of *age*; the *Serpent* complies, and usurps the right to govern, and makes the first attempts on *Eve*, who with great firmness, and constancy, rejects her advice.

A long debate takes place between them on various subjects, in which the *Serpent* seeks to make *Eve* break her promises she had made to *Adam*, and seek to win some higher partner, or win some *Angel* for a spouse, and raise her family, or the creation to a higher state of honor. *Eve* rejects all her counsels as unwise, and refuses to follow them; whereupon the *Serpent* grows enraged, and determined to destroy her reputation and happiness, persuades her to eat the forbidden fruit; but finding *Eve* placing the greatest confidence in her Creator, the *Serpent* seeks to injure the character of their Creator, by asserting that he is the Author of sin, and that his commands were not worthy of her notice or regard. But finding that *Eve* disbelieved her assertion, she eats of the forbidden fruit before her, and makes her believe the threatened fate was the death of *body*, and that their Creator's threatenings was void. *Eve* seeing the *Serpent* eat, and survive, distrusts her Creator's fidelity, partakes, looses her Maker's image, or love of holiness, and betrays her friend into the fatal snare, and forsakes him with a view to win some higher ties—she places all confidence in the *Serpent*, and follows her instructions and advice. The *Serpent* pleased with her great success, persuades the whole family to disregard their Parent's commands; they all eat of the forbidden fruit, and fall from their happy state, which ends this first part.

ERRATA.—Insert in the 52d page, and between the 9th and 10th line from bottom, the following line.

And to prove false unto this joy of love,

TRUE AND INFERNAL

FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE others long on Grecian conquests dwell,
Sing how Troy's heroes, and how Illion fell,
Extol the beauty of the treacherous Dame,
That caus'd their woes, and loud pronounce her shame,
And her inconstancy with numerous lines proclaim,
A more important, pleasing theme I choose,
A nobler subject now invites the muse.
That friendship nearest to our joys allied,
And that, which springs from selfish views, or pride.
False and true friendship I would fainly trace,
And show their difference to the human race ;
And show what bliss does from true friendship spring,
How envious beings break its joys I'd sing.

FRIENDSHIP my theme, I now attempt to trace,
How to the first form'd Parents of our race,
True friendship was display'd.—And seek to scan
That false infernal friendship which began,
Or caus'd in Paradise the fatal fall of Man.
When the CREATOR his vast power display'd,
Form'd numerous worlds, and earth's foundation laid,
And with bright shining lights the firmament array'd ;
Form'd stars to shine, like silver, brass and gold,
And did to Angels wonderous love unfold ;
Form'd beasts and birds, and in the scale to scan
His wonderous works, form'd high exalted Man ;

And did to him his wonderous love impart,
By stamping his own image on his heart;
Gave him a realm of paradise and bliss,
And high exalted all with happiness.

Ye Muses, sing what bliss they then enjoy'd,
What form'd their happiness, and what destroy'd;
Sing how true friendship gave all beings joy,
Sing how infernal friendship did destroy:
Sing how pure motives was the cause of bliss,
And how deception marr'd their happiness.
Inspire the Bard with truth and power to show
How from true friendship lasting pleasures flow;
With glorious views at once his thoughts extend
From Man's creation to his final end;
And worlds unnumber'd, with one thought to view,
And heavenly friendship through the whole pursue.
But most that love, or heavenly friendship trace,
Display'd by God to this, our mortal race
In Paradise, and lend him aid to soar
To distant worlds and that bright realm explore;
Where man first dwelt, and by transgression fell,
And show the power, that caused him to rebel;
Show happy Paradise to mankind lost,
What grief to Angels his rebellion cost;
And by what means, show Paradise regain'd,
By whom this plan is wilfully disdain'd;
What woes attended Man's disgraceful fall,
Show the Creator's friendship true to all;
Show realms of bliss reward for virtuous deeds,
And that vile path, which to destruction leads;
And with my song all mortal minds excite,
To seek those realms of pleasure and delight;
Where virtuous souls in blest communion feast
On joys and raptures, which forever last.

While I attempt to draw this glorious view
Of worlds of bliss and this great theme pursue,
Awake, my Muse, from torpid slumbers, wake,
Assist me in the work I undertake:

First to delineate the realms of light,
Which Paradise, with all its joys excite ;
My musing thoughts, that blissful, happy state,
From whence Man fell by intrigue and deceit,
I sing and seek now to delineate.

Could I but sing as ancient *Homer* sung,
Or could I sing like *Milton*, *Pope*, or *Young*,
Or, like a *Watts* my sentiments explain,
Or, like a *David*, sing in heavenly strain,
With numerous lines I might delineate
The wonderous beauties of that heavenly state,
And every mortal mind with joy excite
With a description of that realm of light.
But these famed poets I must fall below
And with a short account its glories show.
Imagination only can devise,
And view that wonderous realm with glad surprise.
For joys far greater that fair realm imparts,
Than ever enter'd into human hearts ;
The choicest joys that this vain earth bestows,
Are vain and bitter when compared with those.
That happy realm no discord can invade ;
No traitor there, no friend by friend betray'd :
No Cain dwells there to seek his brother's life ;
No craving Ahab, influenced by his wife :
There lengthy forests with rich fragrance bloom,
And fill the region with a sweet perfume.
There trees of life, clothed with perpetual green,
Enhance the wonderous beauty of the scene ;
Affording food delightful, fair and sweet,
Which gives immortal life to all that eat ;
There chrystal streams from lasting fountains flow,
Clear as the air, and white as winter's snow ;
There floods of joy from lasting fountains spring,
Surround, and form the bliss of realms I sing ;
There stands Mount Zion, glorious to behold,
Clothed with fair groves, array'd with flowers of gold ;
Its circling summit, topp'd in realms of light,
Appears around ; a fair, delightful sight.

Too weak my song to give a full account,
Or to describe the glories of the mount;
For much far greater does the light surpass
That, when we view earth's surface in a glass.
Turn'd little downwards, our perspective eyes
View mountains piled on mountains to the skies.
From this small sight, which strikes the seeing sense,
Imagination forms a mount immense.
Not miles by thousands through the vast extent
Of its circumference or its fair ascent;
As distant clouds in some fair summer's day,
Like distant mounts their towering heads display;
So does Mount Zion in all parts arise
And hide its blissful summit in the skies.
This glorious mount dispersed with numerous glades
Of blooming parterres, and bright fragrant shades,
Which shine with golden flowers divinely bright,
Affords a vast, delightful, pleasing sight,
And fills all those who view with pleasure and delight.

Such is Mount Zion, such the Elysian fields,
And such the glorious fruit which Eden yields;
Such its fair prospects, such its joys and mirth;
Such the fair realm, call'd Paradise on earth.

In this fair realm did the Creator place
The first form'd Parents of this earthly race;
How form'd by power divine, I next attempt to trace.

When the Creator his vast power display'd,
Form'd Paradise, and with bright flowers array'd
The fragrant fields, and caused the groves to bloom;
And fill'd fair Eden with a sweet perfume,
A numerous race of beings, form'd of earth,
(Form'd by his word) of an immortal birth,
Vast kinds of fishes, insects, beasts and birds,
Endow'd with reason, knowledge, sense and words,
Rush'd into life, and round the fair abode
They spread, and own'd a kind creating God.
To them their kind Creator did impart

His love, and placed his image in their heart.
The love of truth then fill'd with joy their breast,
Which was their Maker's image they posses'd.
The love of truth was then their choice and guide,
And by this love was all creation tied.
Then Man was form'd, endow'd with sovereign grace,
Form'd to direct and guide the new form'd race.
To him was given the right to guide and rule
The numerous race, and to direct the whole;
Yet all left free to act the dictates of the soul.
All then by love and by affection led,
Were free and pure! But Adam at their head
Was placed, to govern and direct the race,
And to instruct them in each virtuous grace;
Placed at the head, yet those he ruled were free,
And rose in knowledge in a due degree.

Man stood the first, the noblest work of God,
The first in knowledge in the fair abode.
The Serpent next possess'd the highest sense
Of love, of virtue, and benevolence.
The Lion next, of the vast race that dwelt
In Paradise, the highest pleasure felt.
The Tyger, Leopard, Lamia, Wolf and Bear,
All in degrees the joys of friendship share.
Of birds, the Vulture felt the highest love;
The Eagle, Owl, Hawk, Ostrich and the Dove.
And all the birds, down to the smallest kind,
Felt in degree, heaven's image in their mind.
Each fish and insect in degrees possess'd
Their Maker's image thrilling in their breast,
And all were with one mind & with like motives blest.
But in degrees all felt the sacred fire,
And all did truth and holiness admire;
None wish'd a higher love, or for a station higher.
All were contented with their happy lot;
None felt a wish, or entertain'd a thought,
That was unholy, evil, vile or base,
But all as one did holy views embrace,
And all was heavenly in that fair celestial place.

Thus down from Adam, (most with knowledge blest,)
The joys of love descended to the least.
All in degrees enjoy'd the bliss of sense,
Of love, of friendship, and benevolence.
All then with love, with kind affection burn'd,
And in degrees their love to heaven return'd.
Through the whole race one kind affection ran
From insect up to high exalted Man;
From Man to Angels; thence to Seraphs rise
The kind emotions and the heavenly ties:
With their Creator holy Seraphs join'd;
Thus all possess'd one love, one heavenly mind.
All felt one motive and possess'd one soul,
And God's fair image shone throughout the whole.

Thus the fair race were bound by friendly ties,
As numbers in exact proportion rise;
Or, as large numbers rising from the less
Increase and still continue to progress;
So the fair race rose in degrees of love;
So with true friendship join'd with powers above.
Thus the fair race were with true friendship join'd,
And thus connected with one heavenly mind.

Eastward in Eden, round a chrystal flood,
A garden rich with fragrant blossoms blow'd.
(A garden fair, delightful to behold,
Clothed with fair groves, array'd with flowers of gold;
A blissful parterre, clothed with shining flowers,
Surrounded and dispersed with blissful bowers.)
A chrystal stream roll'd through the shining glades
Of blooming parterres and of fragrant shades.
In this rich garden the clear stream divides,
And in four parts pours out its chrystal tides.
From this vast fount the huge Euphrates grows,
From thence Hiddekell Gihon Pison flows;
These four vast streams, now known by men on earth
From blissful Eden take their wonderous birth.
This happy garden numerous treasures yields,
Which blooms surrounded by Elysian fields.

In this fair garden, fill'd with blissful bowers,
(Dispers'd around) bloom numerous fragrant flowers.
There without thorns, bright shining roses grow;
There lillies rich with fragrant lustre blow.
There blooms the tulip, fill'd with sweet perfumes,
The rose of Sharon there in glory blooms;
Which animates and fills with joy each sense
With its delightful fragrant redulence.

In this fair garden the Creator plac'd
The first form'd Parents of the human race.
They there in joy their first existence spent,
When Heaven's blest image fill'd them with content.
Two Trees were planted in the fair abode,
And in the centre of this garden stood—
One in its nature vile, and one immortal food.
To the fair race, (their wonderous nature hid)
The Tree of Knowledge was to all forbid.
As a kind parent, for his children's good,
Feeds his fair offspring with delicious food,
Warns them to shun the food that will destroy
Their lives, and bids them seek the path of joy;
So the Creator warn'd the numerous race
To shun that food by nature vile and base;
Whose fruit was poison of the vilest kind,
A poison to the body, soul, and mind!
To prove their love this Tree of Knowledge stood,
Vile in its nature, and of poisonous food;
To the fair race (forbidden) stood the tree,
To prove their friendship and fidelity.
Such was the realm, which Man at first possess'd
Such then the virtue of the human breast.
What pleasure did from their blest station spring,
And form'd their bliss, I next presume to sing.

The blest creation then one language spoke;
And all as one of heavenly love partook.
Beasts then conversed with Man, and flying birds
Conversed with beasts, and understood their words.
No less the fish could join the general theme,

And raise their heads above the rolling stream,
And talk with birds that cut th' ambrosial air,
And conversation with the insects share.
Thus was the race all with one language tied,
None claim'd pre-eminence, none swell'd with pride ;
All wore the image of the Power above,
(The love of truth) all felt the joys of love.
The gifts of Heaven all did as one receive ;
All reverenced Adam, then none envied Eve.
The Serpent then, though eldest of the whole,
Claim'd no pre-eminence, or right to rule.
Then did the Lion converse with the Hare ;
The Wolf in friendship conversed with the Bear ;
The Dog and Fox then join'd in bands of peace ;
The Eagle then held friendship with the Geese ;
The Beaver then could dive beneath the stream,
And with the Fish in peaceful union swim ;
The Falcon then in friendship met the Dove—
And all the new creation felt one love.
All then in love and heavenly friendship dwelt,
All loved the truth, and self-same motives felt.
Each others good they sought, and knew no pride or guilt.
Man, beast, and insect, and the feathered kind
Then felt one motive and possess'd one mind.
All had one taste, and eat the self-same food,
The Lion then (now terror of the wood)
Fed like the rest on herbs, and felt no thirst for blood.
Then all contented dwelt and knew no vice ;
Such was their happy state in paradise.
Thus did true friendship with one band unite
The fair creation, and with joy excite
Fish, insects, beasts, and birds, and man to join
In songs and anthems to the power divine,
That did with heavenly love, thro' all the garden shine.
Then love mov'd every heart and joy each tongue.
The happy garden with loud praises rung.
Heaven heard with great delight, the glorious odes they sung.
Which animated numerous worlds around,

And hell's dark regions heard the heavenly sound.
The spirit pride, which rules that dark abode,
Which self-existent has forever stood,
(By whose device the holy Angels fell,
And did against the laws of Heaven rebel,
And now compose & form the numerous hosts in hell.)
Burns with keen anguish as he hears the song,
And to a council calls th' infernal throng.
As in vast circles round their prince they stand,
He thus address'd his vast infernal band :

WHAT solemn sounds do now invade your ear !
Can you unmoved those rapturous anthems hear ?
Or, hear truth praised to such a high degree,
Which has forever stood opposed to me ?
Shall falsehood yield to truth, or shall I, pride,
Yield unto holiness and let it guide ?
When self-existent both have ever stood,
I scorn'd and never dwelt where it abode.
If I should yield to truth, my glorious name
Would be despised by worlds, and clothed with shame.
Ye noble friends and vast assembled court,
Make holy views and holiness your sport ;
Obey my wise commands and sovereign will,
And my decrees and my designs fulfil :
Now use your utmost power, deceit and art
To conquer truth, and holiness invert ;
The laws, commands, and every wise decree
Of that high government are all opposed to me.
My government is surely far the best,
That can be form'd ; no better can exist :
For to my subjects liberty I give,
The liberty to flatter and deceive.
To lie, dishonour, censure, and defame,
And to exult in their own vice and shame.
Such is the liberty I give to all,
Yet some the laws of holiness extol.
Now friends to liberty, you must oppose
Those heavenly, unjust, and tyrannical laws ;
For by these laws all beings are required
To love the truth which ought not be admir'd,

No right to falsehood do those laws allow,
No liberty to break a word or vow:
No liberty to slander, or to prove
Inconstant, but commands all souls to love.
Such are the laws which holiness has given,
Such the tyrannic laws enjoin'd by Heaven.

Thus spoke the prince of hell, when numerous bands
Of demons ridicule Heaven's wise commands;
When the vile spirit, big with impious views,
Bid his vast host attend, and thus pursues:
Behold that new-form'd realm in boundless space,
Of earth and water, and that new-form'd race;
What art has the Creating Power display'd
In the great system, which he just has made!
Simple and useless is that new form'd sphere,
(Yet Angels the creating Power revere.)
Better for us, and for the universe
To have new things and new inventions scarce.
Your country's good you ought to have at heart,
Therefore you ought to use your utmost art
All new invented things to injure and invert.

As some vain man, controul'd by selfish pride,
And self-conceited, does with sneers deride
Some new invention, or before he's seen,
Gives his opinion on some new machine,
Condemns, derides, it, yet at distance stays,
And ne'er examines what his tongue inveighs.
So the infernal spirit, o'er his court
(Of circling demons,) censured and made sport
Of the new world, or new invented sphere,
Form'd and suspended in the realms of air.
The new form'd world, th' infernal spirit views,
And thus his base, malicious plan pursues.

Come, let us now a well-form'd plan devise,
And drive the new-form'd race from paradise.
If we can but that happy band devour,
'Twill strengthen our alliance and our power.
Say then who will to yon fair region soar,

Search the fair realm, and all its bounds explore?
With love of fame their happy minds invest,
And place my image in their peaceful breast.
And from their hearts the love of truth efface,
And change the present motives of that race;
Tempt them to scorn all friendship built on love,
And break ther peace with God himself above,
And make them false to Heaven's commandments prove.
He who will thus, shall win immortal fame,
And gain through all my realms a glorious name.

Satarnius, swell'd with thirst for fame and pride,
Accepts the charge; the circling fiends divide.
And spread far round the dismal, dark abode,
Where God's just wrath in burning torrents flow'd,
And boundless chaos rolls its sulpherous flood.
Saturnius leaves the dreary realms of night,
To spread destruction in the realms of light.
Pleas'd with his task he hovers up the skies,
And clothes his motives with a cloud of lies.
As swift as thought he traced the distance vast,
And numerous worlds and numerous regions past.
On by vast worlds and numerous globes and spheres,
For the fair realm of Paradise he steers.
Eight days he journey'd up through realms of air,
The ninth, arrived at Paradise, the fair;
The tenth, off Eden, like a summer's cloud,
Lay the deceitful, arrogant and proud;
Devising mischief, how to overthrow,
And sink the new-form'd race in lasting woe.
Three nights he search'd, and three revolving days
Reviews the realm and all its parts surveys,
Descrys the new-form'd race, and hears their songs of praise;
Learns which was form'd the first, and which was last,
And which in knowledge, sense, and power surpast;
And which bore rule, and what commandment given;
What was allow'd, and what forbid by Heaven.
All this obtained, off the fair realm he lay
Devising mischief one more rolling day.

With envy fill'd he views the happy state
Of the fair race, and fill'd with vile deceit,
Concludes at last to tempt the peaceful Snake
To eat the food forbid, and undertake
To tempt the rest to leave their joys of love,
And break the laws enjoin'd by Heaven above.

Their kind Creator view'd his vile design,
And sent an Angel with commands divine.
The heavenly messenger with friendly love,
Descends to Paradise from realms above.
Just as the sun its morning beams display'd,
And blooming forests cast a lengthy shade,
And spreading flowers the fragrant fields adorn,
And the creation wak'd to hail the morn,
And the fair race collected in a ring
And circling stood around the chrystal spring,
And did with ecstacy their morning Anthem sing;
Which animated numerous worlds around,
And distant realms re-echoed back the sound.
The waving forests with their praises rung,
And heaven with pleasure heard the odes they sung.

Just then the Angel reach'd the fair abode,
And in the centre of the garden stood,
His friendly aspect the fair race survey,
While like the sun, that golden orb of day,
His spotless robes with glorious lustre shine,
And thousand graces mark'd the friend divine.
His graceful mien the circling band admire,
While he sedate address'd the friendly choir—

How blest are ye, who dwell in this abode,
And wear the image of your Maker, God!
Your heavenly gifts you know not how to prize,
I've come from light to warn you to be wise.
From Heaven I've come its just commands t' attend,
Accept the admonitions of a friend.
Ye happy race, the words of Heaven revere,
True in its ways, and all its love sincere,
Ye happy race, be wise, and to its laws adhere.

Let no vain thought induce you to forsake
Thy present love, or tempt you to partake
Of that vile food forbid by Powers on high,
But on that power with confidence rely.
All forced advice and proffered counsel shun,
Trust thy own hearts, and trust in heaven alone.
Prove constant to your hearts, that joy of love,
Is there implanted by the power above.
Consult thy heart, and let it be thy guide;
Let love and truth o'er all thy deeds preside,
And shun that evil power, the tempting spirit *pride*,
Who lurks unseen, and will employ his arts
To make you prove inconstant to your hearts;
Or those blest views, that constitute your joy,
Seek to efface, and all your bliss destroy:
And be contented with thy present lot;
Let not this strict commandment be forgot.
Unmoved, prove constant to this joy of love,
That glorious image of the power above,
For lasting grief attends, if you inconstant prove.
These present views and motives you possess
Are the foudation of all joy and bliss.
For no delights can beings ever find
Above a peaceful and contented mind.
From constancy flow numerous joys sedate;
On the inconstant numerous sorrows wait.

The laws of heaven are holy, pure and wise,
These laws unite all worlds in friendly ties.
By one wise law all heavenly minds are tried,
Angels and Seraphs are as one allied,
Inconstancy they hate, which springs from Pride.
View what sweet food this blissful garden yields,
What food delicious clothes the fragrant fields!
These, for thy good, and for thy pleasure given,
Are free for all, but those, forbid by heaven,
Have deadly poison in their leaves concealed,
And deadly poison does their branches yield.
Therefore, be warn'd to shun that poisonous tree,
Forbid by heaven, and eat the food that's free.

What heaven requires, is solely for thy good ;
For such's the nature of forbidden food,
It will destroy thy life, and taint with guilt thy blood.
For thy own good I speak, let this suffice ;
This strict command of heaven divinely wise,
And live forever here in realms of Paradise.

While all the race his friendly words admire,
With friendly looks he leaves the joyful choir ;
Soars from fair Paradise, divinely bright,
While the fair race with glorious songs unite,
And hail their heavenly friend to realms of lasting light.

This charge received, the happy race divide,
The fish disperse around the rolling tide.
The numerous beasts to different quarters rove ;
Some seek the fields, some tread the fragrant grove ;
Some trace the forests, some the crystal flood,
Graze on its banks and eat delicious food :
Some seek the parterres clothed with fragrant flowers,
And meet each other in the shady bowers.
No less the birds to different quarters stray,
Or in the air, in wild meanders play ;
With cheerful notes in circling windings fly,
And fill with songs divine, the fragrant sky.
Some to the groves, some to the flood disperse,
Swim on the stream, and with the fish converse.
And to all parts they scatter round the glades
Of blooming parterres, and bright fragrant shades.
Likewise the insects round the fields divide,
Some to the groves, some to the rolling tide ;
Some to the fields, some to the rolling stream,
And with the fish in peaceful union swim.

While Adam walk'd attended with his bride,
Along the crystal stream and flowery tide,
Musing they walk'd along the crystal flood,
And pluck'd the golden, fragrant flowers that blow'd
Around the rolling stream, a sweet, delicious food.

A thousand objects please them in their walk ;
Sometimes with fish they join'd familiar talk ;
Sometimes with pleasure they employ'd their words
In conversation with the flying birds.
Musing they walk, and often meditate
On heavenly friendship and their happy state ;
View the fair mountains top'd in realms of light,
And blooming forests with a sweet delight.
Thus they with joy the works of heaven survey,
And with sweet transports pass their time away.

Eve thus to Adam (as they musing rove,
Along the crystal tide, and flowery grove)
With exultation her high joy express'd,
(Her Maker's image moved her peaceful breast)
What gratitude and lasting praise we owe,
To Him who does these numerous gifts bestow ;
And form'd us by his word, and does inspire
Our hearts with love and every kind desire ;
And has in his own likeness form'd our minds,
And with his love and heavenly image joins
Our race with friendly ties and with true friendship
binds ;
And has bestow'd on us each pleasing sense,
And fill'd this region with benevolence !
With what kind love should we forever burn,
And lasting praises to this power return !
For all these gifts and joys which he inspires,
A constant heart is all that he requires.
To prove inconstant to this joy of love,
Which we now feel, or think to rise above,
It is to slight that power, who dwells on high,
And scorn the counsels of a Deity.
If we should slight the counsels of our heart,
Forsake our love, and from the truth depart,
We shall be (as we ought) involved in shame,
And our Creator free from any blame.
Should any seek our friendly ties to break,
Tempt us to prove inconstant, or forsake

Our present love, let them be deem'd our foes,
For that's the wisest counsel heaven bestows.
Therefore, kind partners, let us ever prove
True to each other, and the joys of love.
Bound with a tie, which intrigue cannot break,
And with a promise never to forsake,
So shall our pleasures with our life increase,
And we forever dwell in joy and bliss.

Thus spoke fair Eve, when Adam to his bride
High animated with her speech, replied—
True are thy words; great gratitude we owe
To Him, who does these numerous gifts bestow.
Great are the gifts, which that kind power bestow'd
On all, who dwell in this bright, fair abode.
There's nothing wanting in this happy state,
To give content or make our joys complete.
View every grove clothed bright with shining flowers,
And every field fill'd with delightful bowers;
View every parterre clothed with rich perfumes,
And every herb with fragrant lustre blooms;
View crystal streams from lasting fountains spring,
And yon fair mountains, rising in a ring,
Which with a fair and gentle ascent rise,
And hide their blissful summits in the skies—
What can exhibit a more pleasing sight,
Than circling mountains, top'd in realms of light!
View what vast forests fill this fair abode,
Bloom rich with flowers, and yield delicious food;
Of every herb we now may freely eat;
What want we now to make our joys complete?
Can we e'er cease to love that heavenly power,
Who gave us life and spread each fragrant flower?
Who caused these groves and herbs to bud and bloom,
And gives them beauty, sweetness and perfume!
Great is the kindness of this heavenly friend;
His love and friendship does to all extend.
From poisonous food he warns us to forbear:
Of pride he likewise warns us to beware.

'Tis for our good he gave this strict command,
And in our welfare seems to be concern'd.
It seems, some evil threatens to destroy
The sweet contentment which we now enjoy.
If there's no danger, why have powers above
Commanded and admonish'd us to prove
True to our present ties and constant in our love?
Being strictly warn'd by our Almighty Friend,
Some threat'ning danger now I apprehend.
Now much I fear some envious beings seek,
(Who never did of heavenly joys partake)
To break our friendship and our bliss destroy,
And the high happ ness we now enjoy.
I fear on thee they will employ their art,
And thy now constant mind from truth divert;
And from thy heart thy present love efface,
And spread destruction round our happy race;
And much I fear they will thy heart entice,
And change thy motives by their vile advice.

He spoke; when Eve in solemn words replied—
False are thy fears, thou may'st in me confide;
True will I prove, true to my present love,
(That joy implanted by the power above)
Nor will I e'er this solemn promise break,
Or prove inconstant, or the truth forsake,
Or of the food forbid, by any means partake.
My present love forever I'll retain,
And from the food, forbid by heaven, refrain.
True will I prove and nothing shall divert,
Or change the present motives of my heart.
She, with a thrice repeated promise, gives
Her word, and Adam from his fear relieves—

While thus the first form'd parents of mankind,
With mutual promises each other bind,
Mov'd by that mutual love heav'n planted in their mind
The happy race by true affection led
Around the fair Elysian garden spread,

First form'd by God, by all the rest admired,
The graceful serpent to a grove retired ;
And high exalted with the joys of love,
Ascends a vine, that spread around the grove.
There musing lies to view and meditate
On heavenly friendship, and their happy state ;
And views with joy the happy race allied
With one kind love and with one friendship tied.
And with delightful transports views each kind
Unite, with bands of mutual friendship joined,
And feels no disposition to control,
Or change the ruling motives of their soul,
Or any inclination to invert
Those views, which heaven had planted in their heart ;
But meditates on the commandments given,
Rejoices in the wise commands of heaven.
Now to the serpent vile Saturnius flies,
But past the blooming parterres in disguise.
Like clouds of mist he rolls along the glades,
Of blooming parterres, and bright fragrant shades,
O'er lengthy forests drest in lasting green,
And fields of blooming flowers he past unseen,
And finds the serpent highly blest with love,
First form'd by God, admired by realms above,
Suspended on a vine, amid the fragrant grove.
With these vile thoughts he fills the serpent's breast,
And thus her heart he seemingly addrest—
Fair beast, first form'd, by God with wisdom blest,
How blest are ye, who dwell in this abode !
What wond'rous gifts has heaven on thee bestow'd !
With wisdom, beauty, sense, and every grace endow'd!
First form'd and wisest of this numerous race,
Thou well deservest, I think, a higher place.
Methinks thy heavenly friend to be unjust,
And wrongs thee of thy right, when thou wert first
Created by his power, his works to scan ;
Though great his gifts, yet how unjust the plan,
To make thee now obey the sovereign voice of man !
And can you now in his high praise engage,
When he's deprived thee of thy right, by age ?

Go claim a right o'er all this race to rule,
And eat the food forbid, and fill thy soul
With knowledge, and make known thy right to claim
The sovereign power, and win immortal fame.
Go, worthy serpent, the vile food receive,
Then taste the glorious tree of life and live.
Then shall thy knowledge far exceed the rest,
Then shall you feel new motives in thy breast;
Then with thy counsels all the rest advise,
And rule all those who dwell in Paradise.

Excited by that evil spirit, Pride,
And animated with desires to guide,
She eats the food and feels a vile desire
To blind the truth, and make the rest aspire
Above the image of the power above,
Or their true happiness (the joys of love.
The love of truth becomes her scorn and hate;
Her heart with pride, with falsehood and deceit
Then swell'd; and evil motives fill'd her breast
With proffer'd counsels to destroy the rest.
She with deception sought; and first fair Eve
She with vile counsels labored to deceive.
Three days she sought to meet the graceful fair,
Unknown to Adam, beasts or fowls of air.
The fourth she chanced to meet the graceful maid,
As she, alone, far from her partner stray'd,
And walk'd beneath a grove, (a fair delightful shade)
Pleased she beheld her walk beneath the bower,
And pluck from drooping boughs the fragrant flower.
Now fill'd with envy, malice and deceit,
She seeks to sink her from her happy state.

Eve, not mistrusting any vile design,
Though late commanded by the power divine
To shun all proffered counsel or advice,
Or any thought that tempted her to vice.
Her constant heart to leave her present love,
Or eat the food forbid by powers above,
Now meets the serpent pleased in the shady grove.

Before the serpent's vile intrigue I shew,
Or her infernal friendship here pursue,
Display'd by vile advice in this sad interview,
I first presume to sing what past between
The serpent's eating and the present scene—
Three days of pleasure past, three days did intervene.
Three days the race in happy union spent,
In fair amusement, and in sweet content;
Nor knew the serpent's sin, or evil his intent.

Ye muses, now assist me to relate
How on the fourth, they lost their happy state,
Or how the serpent by her vile advice,
Destroy'd the happiness of Paradise,
When the bright sun on the fourth morn display'd
Its golden beams, and rich with flowers array'd
The fragrant fields, and caused the groves to bloom.
Which fill'd fair Eden with a rich perfume;
And fragrant herbs with golden lustre shone,
And spread their blossoms to the rising sun.
And the fair forest rich with blossoms blow'd,
Which shone with lustre round the fair abode;
And Zion's mountain topp'd in realms of light
Appear'd around, a fair delightful sight,
Which shone with blooming groves and flowers divinely bright.
The happy race from peaceful slumbers rose,
Waked by the sunbeams from their sweet repose;
And for the last around the fount they meet,
And sing a morning song divinely sweet.
Sweet was their song, for love inspired their hearts,
(A glorious anthem of a thousand parts
They sung) and Eden with their praises rung,
And worlds far distant heard the odes they sung.
Then in one song the vast creation join'd,
Beasts, fishes, insects, birds of various kind
Join'd in a choir, and praised that glorious Power,
Who gave them life and spread each fragrant flower.
On the fair branches of the trees that stood
Around, and rich with fragrant blossoms blow'd,

The numerous birds in joyful union set,
And join'd the rest in songs divinely sweet.
The numerous fishes (highly blest with love)
Dart round the fount, and raise their heads above
The glassy surface of the rolling stream,
And join'd the rest to praise the Power supreme.
Each peaceful insect join'd the glorious song ;
Joy fill'd each heart, and pleasure tuned each tongue.
Fair Eve and Adam the sweet concert led,
Obey'd by all, and happy at the head ;
But the vile serpent join'd the joyful choir,
And clothed with friendly looks her vile desire ;
Takes no delight in the sweet odes they sung,
Her heart despised what dwelt upon her tongue ;
And all her evil thoughts she then employ'd
How to destroy the bliss they then enjoy'd.
For evil motives then inspired her breast,
Depraved herself, she wish'd to sink the rest,
And from their hearts their holy views efface.
And with vain motives fill the happy race.

THEIR morning anthem sung, the choir divide
Around the parterres, groves and crystal tide,
And to all parts they scatter round the glades
Of blooming parterres and bright fragrant shades.
But the vile serpent with vile malice fired
From the fair fountain to a grove retired,
Seeks there to meet the graceful Eve alone,
Unknown to Adam, to the rest unknown.
She most with love and most with beauty blest,
(First to delude) she singles from the rest.
For so she was, by Satan's counsel taught,
So that vile spirit, *Pride*, inspired her thought,
And Eve's destruction first, the subtle serpent sought.
For well she knew if she sould Eve betray,
The rest might then become an easy prey ;
Or by advice make her inconstant prove
To Adam, Heaven, and to the joys of love.
The others would the *truth* for *lies* forsake,
And of the vile forbidden food partake.

So thought the serpent (hateful to all good)
While Eve, the fairest in the fair abode,
Alone, walk'd musing through the blissful bowers.
Of fragrant groves to view the shining flowers.
Musing she walk'd around the shining glades
Of fragrant groves, fair fields, and blooming shades,
And met the serpent, as before I've shown,
(Joyful beneath a fragrant shade) alone.
While true affection moved her genial breast,
She first, as wont, with friendly words address'd
The serpent, now depraved, and thus her joy exprest:

Fair Serpent, blest by heaven and realms above,
With joy I meet thee in this fragrant grove,
That we may here each others joy advance
By meditation, and enterporlance;
Or with delightful meditations trace
Heaven's glorious gifts bestow'd upon our race.
How glorious He, who caused the groves to bloom,
And gives them beauty, sweetness and perfume;
Who clothes these parterres rich with shining flowers,
And gives a fragrance to these blissful bowers;
Who caused these forests for our food to grow,
And does on us each pleasing sense bestow.
Behold how great, how beautiful the sight,
Of circling mountains topp'd in realms of light.
With pleasing wonder view their vast extent,
Their topless summits and their fair ascent.
On every part behold them gently rise.
View blooming forests ending in the skies.
With pleasing wonder view the circle round,
End in the skies and rising without bound.
View to the skies aspiring groves ascend;
Whose shades far distant on the morn extend;
Around on all parts view the pleasing scene,
Of fields, of flowers, of forests drest in green.
What can be more delightful to the sight,
Than circling mountains topp'd in realms of light.

But what's this pleasing sight to be compared
To that delightful love and kind regard
Heaven's placed within our hearts, that joy or sense
Of love, of friendship and benevolence!
This far exceeds the sense of taste or sight.
And is the spring or fountain of delight.
From this our greatest bliss and pleasure flows,
And is the greatest gift which heaven bestows.
This glorious gift, this kind regard and love,
And glorious image of the power above,
Is the foundation of all joy or bliss.
And is the fount, or spring of happiness.
Therefore forever let us constant dwell,
True to our love, and these blest joys we feel,
As the fair Angel warn'd us when we stood
In a fair circle round the crystal flood.

Thus spoke fair Eve—the serpent swell'd with pride
With friendly looks unto the fair replied:
Fairest of all, who dwell in this abode,
On whom kind heaven has wonderously bestow'd
Superior beauty, and superior grace,
And placed the first, and ruler of our race.
In thee doth beauty, sense and truth unite,
And every virtue known in realms of light.
(Thus with fair words she clothed her vile intent,
To tempt her to prove false and circumvent)
But why dost thou so thoughtlessly confess,
That love's the fount, or source of happiness?
Does all our pleasures from true friendship flow?
Is it the fountain of our joys below?
Or can our greatest bliss, or pleasure spring
From holiness, or the sweet odes we sing?
Or does this fair, delightful, pleasing sight
Of circling mountains, topp'd in realms of light,
Unfold the fairest scene, to fill us with delight?
Do these fair fields array'd with flowers of gold,
And blooming groves, heaven's noblest works unfold?
Though great the bliss which springs from true regard,
Yet much, I think, you have from reason err'd.
Knowledge, methinks, unfolds the greatest bliss,
And is the source or fount of happiness,

Or a desire to win immortal fame,
And gain a noble and a lasting name :
For what's more noble than to rise above
Our vain desires, or fickle fancy love !
We ought, I think, to nobler ends aspire,
Than be controll'd by love, that vain desire,
The Tree of Knowledge (though to us forbid)
Has wonderous glories in its nature hid.
If we should eat that tree divinely fair
We should angelic love, and knowledge share ;
And in our breasts far nobler motives feel,
And be like angels, knowing good from ill.
Thus spoke the serpent, thus from Eve she hid
How she'd transgress'd, and eat the food forbid.

Surprised, Eve heard the serpent's fraudful word,
And her vile reasoning, (arguments absurd)
And check'd the serpent for her vile desire,
To leave the truth, to win a station higher.
Not knowing the vile serpent had partook
Of the vile food, or heaven's commandments broke.
Thus to the serpent, oldest of the race,
What views are these, that I within thee trace,
Which in their nature tend to sink us in disgrace !
That is, to prove inconstant to our love,
That joy implanted by the power above,
And eat that poisonous food by heaven forbid,
And win that knowledge in its nature hid.
When our Creator strictly for our good
Commands us not to touch, or eat the food.
And dost thou entertain a thought to break
His kind commands, and of the food partake ?
Dost thou distrust that kind creating power
Who gave us life and spread each fragrant flower ?
And has our race by one kind love allied,
Durst ye not trust Him, or in Him confide ?
Dost thou believe his strict commandments laid
Not for our good, and not to be obey'd ?
Or why do you such a vile thought suggest,
Or harbour such a motive in thy breast,
As e'er to touch that tree, or of its branches taste ?

THE serpent now engaged in Satan's cause,
Against the truth, and just commands and laws,
Swell'd with vile views, with arrogance and pride,
Unto the first, in Paradise replied :
And do you think the wisdom I have shown,
And my wise motives far beneath thy own ?
Or do you think the ideas I express
Not tending to exalt our name or bliss ?
And do you think me guilty of a fault ?
Or criminal when seeking to exalt ?
And is her crime unpardonably great ;
Who seeks to raise you to a higher state ?
Are not the motives I to thee advance,
All tending to promote or to enhance
Thy happiness, thy honor, power, and fame,
And to all regions to exalt thy name ?
And can you now my good intent despise,
Which now appears so reason'ble and wise ?

THUS spoke the Serpent, fill'd with motives base,
When Eve reply'd, the wisest of the race ;
What dost thou mean by this thy fraudful speech ?
This is not wisdom you presume to teach ;
Nor are those motives wisdom you express,
Or tending to exalt my name, or bliss.
True wisdom does not lie in fame or state,
Or in a vain desire of being great ;
Nor is true happiness to power confin'd,
But in the sweet contentment of the mind.
The constant mind that is on virtue bent
Enjoys true happiness and sweet content.
Tis from the constant heart that pleasure flows,
That is not turn'd with every wind that blows.
No peace or happiness can be enjoy'd,
If the contentment of our mind's destroy'd.
And tis affection gives the mind content ;
This first of blessings heaven has to us lent,
And plac'd it in our heart, a fount of bliss,
And 'tis the source of real happiness,

And to prove constant to this joy of love
And glorious image of the power above,
Is far our greatest wisdom, and is true,
The noblest object we can here pursue.
And shun inconstancy, which springs from Pride.
Thus spoke fair Eve—the Serpent vile reply'd :

And dost thou now, fair friend, presume to teach
Thy elder wisdom and declare my speech
A fraudulent, and every friendly word
That I advance unfriendly or absurd ?
When for thy good, and your own bliss I seek,
Can you thus reprehend me when I speak ?
Now to true wisdom my advice attend,
Accept the proffer'd counsels of a friend.
Long did I live before you did exist,
And much with wisdom and with knowledge blest.
As my superior age surpasses thine,
So is thy wisdom now surpast by mine.
For wisdom is by time or age acquired,
And does not spring from views by heaven inspired ;
Therefore my wisdom must exceed thy own,
And those the noblest motives I have shown.
I therefore seek thy fancy to invert,
And place far nobler objects in thy heart.

Now fill'd with envy, malice and caprice,
The subtle Serpent proffers her advice.
In friendly words she does fair Eve advise,
Tells her forbidden fruit will make her wise.
With flattering words she tempts her to partake
And the true dictates of her heart forsake.
Her constancy the Serpent now upbraids,
And thus to taste forbidden fruit persuades.
Would you now Eve thy love for truth forsake,
And of the tree of knowledge now partake,
You might to higher bliss and glory rise,
And be like angels in yon shining skies,
For tis a food design'd to make us truly wise.

Then you might Eve to higher joys attain.
And some fair angel for a partner gain,
Or with some Seraphim in bands unite,
And live high honour'd in yon realms of light.
Thus the vile Viper, with vile counsels strove,
To make fair Eve false and inconstant prove,
And break the wise command join'd by powers above.
But Eve more wise, with heavenly motives blest,
Unto the Serpent thus her mind exprest,
And wise was her reply, for heav'n inspir'd her breast.
That your age exceeds mine, I must confess,
Nor do I now declare thy wisdom less ;
Or do I now thy kind intents despise,
Yet still I think your counsels are not wise.
Intention may be kind, and counsels base,
And lead the ones that heeds them to disgrace.
Such I believe thine are, and shall reject
Thy vile advice ; and shun its dire effect.
The wisest counsels plainly stands confest,
What heaven inspires and plants within our breast.
Is our best monitor and wisest guide,
And always ought o'er all our deeds preside.
Now if I should to thy advice consent,
What glory could I reap in the event ?
Would not the heavn'ly host the one despise,
Who prov'd inconstant with intents to rise
Above her kind, or love to win more nobler ties ?
What then shall I attain, if I should prove,
False to my present vows and present love ?
I shall be as I ought, despis'd by God above,
Therefore no more in thy advice persist,
Or seek to change the motives of my breast ;
And seek no more to lead my heart astray
By thy advice from virtue's blissful way,
The motives heaven inspires, the wisest, I'll obey.

The serpent now determined to fulfil
Her vile design and gain her infernal will,
Persists in her advice, and swell'd with pride,
Inspired by Satan her infernal guide,

She thus with art her envious thoughts exprest,
And the destructive counsels of her breast:
Why will you now my good advice withstand,
And be thus ruled by love or heaven's command?
'Tis in behalf of our whole race I speak;
Not their's alone, but your own good I seek.
Let not my proffered counsel give offence,
For what I teach is reason, truth and sense.
Now unto reason and advice adhere,
Believe my counsels and advice sincere.
Accept, fair friend, the good advice I give,
That you in ease may high exalted live.
For your own good I speak; not I alone,
But others of our race have likewise grown
Dissatisfied, to think that you will wed
With Man or be by thy affection led;
Or think you will so much disgrace thy birth,
As be connected with one form'd of earth;
When you might now with heavenly choir unite,
And wed with Angels in the realms of light.
Besides all this, I much did calculate
To have you raise us to a higher state,
By being with some Seraphim allied,
Or of some Angel be the friendly bride.
Nor did I e'er in thee expect to find
Such an unmoveable, or constant mind;
Or such a constant heart that can't be moved
To prove inconstant, or turn when reproved;
Who feels no wish to win immortal fame,
Or no desire to gain a glorious name.
Now if you should to my advice consent,
Say how would angels know of your intent?
We may with falsehood our grand purpose hide
Till you are with some Seraphim allied,
And to our race your wise intents deny,
And clothe our noble motives with a lie.

Thus did the serpent her vile arts employ
Eve's constancy, and virtue to destroy.
In vain she seeks, unable to deceive,
Or turn the true and constant heart of Eve;

Still she remains determened to prove true
Unto her love, and virtue's path pursue;
Still the firm promise she to Adam made,
She much regards, nor yet her friend betray'd;
And now resolves, determined nought should move
Her fixt intent, or change her present love.

Thus to the serpent—why do you persist
To oreak the friendly ties, which now exist?
Far different from the wisdom you have shown,
I have a fixt opinion of my own;
That is, to heed commandments from above,
And be dictated by my heart and love.
Now ought I to believe thy motives kind,
When seeking to destroy my peace of mind?
Base is the one that will a plan devise
To hide from any one the truth by lies.
Can happiness on such vile beings rest,
Who harbour such vile motives in their breast?
Look at the nature of what you advance,
Say, can it raise me, or my joy enhance?
Can we by falsehood hide our guilt and crime
From our fair race, or angels more sublime?
Can not the angels our vile motives trace,
Or can we hide them from the numerous race?
If I should now unto thy counsels yield,
And now embrace the counsels you've reveal'd,
My crime could not be long from all conceal'd.
If I should now my promised vows forego,
The heavenly hosts would sure my motives know.
The numerous birds would sing my views in air,
And beasts and fish through fields and floods declare
How I forsook my vows, and what my motives were.
And round this realm they would my views proclaim,
And my vain motives would be clothed with shame,
And I should justly be defeated in my aim.
Which counsels then is wisest to pursue,
That one inspired by heaven, or gave by you?
Which is most likely to ensure me bliss,
Or which will most promote my happiness?

The serpent now in Satan's cause engaged,
At this true speech began to be enraged;
With a resentful look the fair survey'd,
And walk'd a little distance from the shade.
For then upright and delicately tall,
The serpent walk'd; in height, surpassing all
The numerous race of beast and bird that trod
Fair Eden, or the paradise of God,
And left the fair alone, whose constant heart
She found too fixt to change, or to divert.

Thus to herself her motives she exprest—
What power resides in that unchanging breast,
Which won't be turn'd by my advice or art
To leave the kind affections of her heart;
But now my first determination's still
To change her present views and gain my will.
Then from the fair through the fair groves she stray'd,
(With mischief fill'd) to seek auxiliary aid.
Thus as she roved the female owl she spied,
Who near to Eve and to herself allied,
Joyful they met beneath the blissful bower,
When moved by pride, that vile infernal power,
The vicious viper her vile views exprest,
From the infernal motives of her breast.
Look round, dear sister, view our numerous race
By their affections sinking in disgrace,
Or by the ruling motives of their mind,
View birds unite with birds and kind with kind,
And with a partial love each male and female join'd.
For us how sad, unfortunate it is,
That heaven with love has so connected these!
Methinks we might some nobler unions plan,
Than those design'd by heaven, or known to man.
In them we may far nobler thoughts excite,
And make the eagle with the swan unite,
And tempt the hawk to leave his female love,
And join in matrimony wite the dove,
And make the lioness the lion leave,
And to the tyger for a partner cleave,
And that connection break which Adam form'd with
Eve,

And make fair Eve forsake her present love,
And seek a partner in the realms above.

Thus to the owl her motives she reveal'd,
But kept her views still from the rest conceal'd.
Vainly she thought that honor would occur
From such connections form'd and plann'd by her ;
And vainly thought if heaven's designs took place,
Or such connections in the peaceful race,
It would destroy their bliss, & sink them in disgrace.
But in the end it plain appear'd confess'd ;
Vain were her views, that he who form'd knew best.
For heaven inverted all her vile designs,
United birds with birds and kinds with kinds,
In spite of all her arts to change or turn their minds.
And in the end the subtle serpent found
Herself defeated with a deadly wound.
The owl well pleased with her infernal plan.
Who now grew envious of the bliss of man,
Join'd the base serpent in her vile design
To turn the heart of Eve from joys divine.
Thus to the serpent—how shall we effect
Your noble purpose, will not Eve reject
All proffer'd counsels and adhere to heaven ?
And constant prove oo the commandments given ?

Yes, true she will, but we must now devise
A plan that's subtle, to destroy the ties
That joins her now with man, and clothe the same
with lies.
Artful and subtle must the plan be laid,
Or Eve can never be by us betray'd.
Intreague alone must change her constant heart,
For long I've sought by counsels to invert,
And make her prove untrue, or from her ties depart.
But all in vain, my friendship she discards,
And heaven's commandments she alone regards.
Determined to prove true she still remains,
And all my proffer'd counsels she disdains.
What intreague, or what means can we employ
To break her present ties and love de stroy ?

Advice cannot prevail, yet we by art,
Methinks, can change the motives of her heart,
And her now fixt determinations change,
And her connection otherwise arrange.
But if we can't her present ties destroy,
We will our art and numerous words employ,
And to punish her we will imbitter all her joy.

Thus, fill'd with pride, her motives she disclosed,
And to the owl this vile intreague proposed :
Fly you, fair owl, to yon delightful bower,
Where Eve, the fairest, plucks the golden flower ;
Light on some bough with a majestic air,
And talk of eastern angels with the fair.
Tell her how angels dwell in eastern skies,
And fill her heart with noble thoughts to rise
Above her present love, and her now promised ties ;
And make her with thy flattering words believe,
That she can there far nobler friends recieve.
With pleasing tales the constant fair divert,
And place a love of fame within her heart.
Go and advise her to betray her friend,
Or promise make, to seek a friend beyond
Yon circling mountain, or in realms above,
And thus destroy her present ties and love.
Instructed thus, she spread her wings in air,
Flies to the grove, and meets the graceful fair.

Eve now with love, and sweet contentment blest,
Adorn'd with wisdom far above the rest,
Thus to the owl unfolds the motives of her breast :
With joy I meet thee in this blissful bower,
That we may trace the glories of that power,
Who form'd this realm, delightful fields and flood,
And fills the garden with delicious food ;
And has these fields with golden flowers array'd,
What glory has that wonderous power display'd ?
What beauty dwells in every herb that blooms ;
The flow'rs he clothes with beauty and perfumes !
With admiration these fair fields survey,
What beauty does creating power display !

In all his works so beautiful and fair,
And how much greater is his love and care,
For us, who view his works and breathe this fragrant air.
Great are his gifts, his blessings sure are great,
Who can possess a more delightful state !
Is not our state sublime, are not our joys complete !
Now with like views and with like motives tied,
And with like minds with heavenly hosts allied.
Our happiness's complete, or joys sublime,
Our pleasures now are blooming in their prime,
If we but constant prove, they'll last thro endless time.
Then how important tis for us to prove
True to our present ties, and present love,
And the command enjoin'd, by our true friend above.
Thus to the Owl her motives she reveal'd,
Nor knew the mischief in her heart conceal'd.

The blinded Owl, now an auxiliary aid,
To the vile Viper, thus her art display'd,
And thus addrest the peaceful happy fair—
Why dost thou now so thoughtlessly declare,
That this delightful fragrant fair abode,
To be the noblest, fairest work of God ?
Beyond yon mountain rising to the skies,
A field delightful cloth'd with fragrance lies.
There golden flowers clothe rich with bright Parterre
Yield sweeter food than known to beings here.
There fragrant groves and rivers long and wide,
Roll through the blissful fields their crystal tide.
Those eastern fields afford far greater bliss
And more delightful fairer groves than this.
There a more nobler race of beings live
Than those who do in this vast vale survive.
Would you but now thy present love forsake,
You might with them those heavenly joys partake.
And might thyself to higher honor raise
And live in ease and win immortal praise.
She thus to Eve her treach'rous thoughts exprest,
And thus reveal'd the counsels of her breast.

When Eve the wisest to the Owl reply'd—
Can I not in the powers above confide?
What dost thou mean by this thy fraudful speech?
Can you to me far greater wisdom teach,
Than to obey the glorious power above,
Who strictly warns us to be rul'd by love?
Why do you seek by counsels to ensnare
When your wise parent bid thee to forbear?
This strict command he has on thee enjoin'd
To leave each other free, to act their mind.
Why do you then to my own hurt advise?
Is not our Parent's strict commandment wise?
Or do you think thyself more wise than he,
Who gave us life, and gave this law to thee,
That is, to love the truth, and leave each other free.
Blest now with love, and with contentment blest,
And stores of food delicious to the taste,
I feel no inclination to forsake
This happy Garden or those joys partake,
Which you so much extol in distant realms,
Disperst with golden flowers, and crystal streams.
No higher honor do I wish to win,
Or higher joys than those I feel within.
I feel no wish above these joys to rise;
This glorious realm can all my wants suffice.
I'm now contented; what can I need more,
Than what these parterres yield, this boundless store
Of sweet delicious herbs, and golden flow'rs,
Which ripen into fruit by crystal show'rs,
Sufficiently inspire me with delight,
And satisfy my taste and appetite.
Seek then no more my first intents to move,
Or think to make me now inconstant prove
Unto my Maker's law, or to my present love.

Unable to delude the constant fair,
The vicious Owl now spreads her wings in air,
And to the serpent flies, who waiting laid,
Beneath a grove for her auxiliary aid.

Thus to the Serpent—you may now forbear,
With proffer'd counsels to delude the fair.
You can't induce her by thy words or art
To break the law that's written in her heart.
Fix'd to that love, which heaven has plac'd within,
No higher state she seeks or wish's to win.—
Law! what is it you do to me declare?
Can I not with my counsels rule the fair:
She shall to my more wiser laws submit,
By art or intrigue I'll delude her yet.
To choose for her own self, shall she be free,
When I am oldest, she shall yield to me.
Then fill'd with malice to the blissful bow'r,
The Serpent walk'd, to try her 'nfernal pow'r.

Ere I show how the Serpent did deceive,
Or sing her second interview with Eve,
I view the rest, and take a musing glance,
Around the blissful fields, and fair expance.
Now the fair sun, which shone with golden ray,
Had spent one ninth of the celestial day.
Since it had from the silent shades of night,
Shone round the fragrant fields, with heavenly light;
Then Zion's mountain in the risen sun,
With blooming groves, in its full glory shone.
And the bright parterres in the rays divine,
With golden flow'rs in their full glory shine,
And heavenly dew hung pendant on the tops
Of the delightful groves, in crystal drops,
Which shone with silver rays, divinely bright,
While the fair race exulting with delight
Had from the spring, to various parts disperst,
Or mid the streams, or crystal flood immerst.

Now round the garden, blest with love divine,
Beasts talk with birds, and birds with insects join.
In mutual talk, and fish beneath the stream
With beasts and birds in conversation swim,
And glorious concord reigns thro' all the blissful realm.

While Adam thoughtless of impending fate
Walk'd meditating on their happy state
Along the crystal flood and flow'ry stream
And joins with fish in a delightful theme,
On the pure attributes of the wise Pow'r Supreme.
On heavenly friendship they with transports dwell,
And feel no wish each other to excel
In honor, power or state, or from their joys rebel.
As they converse the subtle serpent burns
With envious malice ; to fair Eve returns,
And now resolv'd determin'd to fulfil
Her vile design and gain her 'nfernal will.
Thus to the fair—once more dear friend adhere
To my wise counsels and advice sincere ;
Thy name and ease I'm seeking to enhance,
Accept dear friend the wisdom I advance ;
Let not your fancy but your reason guide,
And lay these strict commands of heav'n aside,
Discard thy present views you have within,
And higher love and objects seek to win.
The dictates of your heart for once deny,
And with my wisdom and advice comply.
Conceal the truth, and now inconstant prove
Unto thy promise and forsake thy love.
Why will you now forbear or hesitate
To leave thy love and win a higher state ?
Angels have done the same ; that glorious choir
Have left their love to win a station higher.
If Angels prove inconstant, need you fear
To leave your present love, and seek to share
A more exalted state than known to beings here ?
Thus spoke the subtle Serpent—Eve replies
Sedately thus—what is it to be wise ?
Does wisdom lie in riches, power or state,
Or in a vain desire of being great ?
Or does it lead us to aspire above,
The gifts of heaven, and scorn the joys of love ?

No, Serpent, thou hast err'd True wisdom lies
In our contentment and in friendly ties,
And not in vain desires above such joys to rise.

What dost thou mean by counsels you impart ?
For evil motives dwell within thy heart.
Hast thou thy Maker's just commandment broke,
And of the vile forbidden tree partook ?
Fearful I've been that you have late transgrest,
His wise command by what you have exprest.
For this is not true wisdom you have taught,
But 'tis the blindness of an evil thought ;
And 'tis the wisdom of a vicious mind,
That's void of virtue to true reason blind;
What if the Angels left their joys and love,
With an intent to win a state above,
And did to heaven's command false and inconstant prove.
Did they obtain, or higher honor win,
Than those they first enjoy'd or felt within ?
Did they obtain sublimer happiness,
Or win a more exalted state of bliss ?

Thus spoke fair Eve—the Serpent now resents
Her words ; yet still new argument invents.
As an attorney pleads a cause, unjust,
To save a wretch deservedly accurst,
Invents new arguments to blind the court,
And the vile wretch in all his crimes support ;
So did the Serpent vile, unto new plans resort.
Inspir'd by Satan, and on mischief bent,
She seeks to fill Eve's mind with discontent,
And to delude her with her vile deceit,
She thus addrest her friendly and sedate ;

How can you slight the wisdom I disclose,
And the wise counsels I advance oppose ?
When I my wise, and good advice impart,
To place more nobler objects in your heart,
Than what you now possess, and seek to change,
Thy present love, and otherwise arrange,
Your matrimonial ties, and have you win
Some higher love than that you feel within ?
And have you seek and win far greater bliss
And a more fairer, brighter realm than this ?

Such is my friendship and regard for you ;
Such are my motives and my present view.
Yet all my profer'd counsels you despise,
And scorn the one who seeks to make you rise
Above thy present love and thy new promise ties.
And call the glorious wisdom I have taught
To raise your blindness of an evil thought,
And now declare the wise advice I've given,
To be beneath the counsels taught by heav'n.
And think the noble counsels I impart,
Not equal to the counsels of your heart.

Oh, what amazing blindness clothes your mind,
To every noble view and honor blind !
No object, but content is your pursuit,
How fearful to partake forbidden fruit ?
No noble views dwells in thy constant breast,
To win immortal glory by a taste,
Of that delightful tree, with knowledge fill'd,
Well known to Angels, but from us conceal'd.
If Angels know its wonder well may we
Eat and explore the wonders of the tree.

Thus she with art endeavor'd to ensnare,
And with her artful words delude the fair.
Eve now surpris'd to hear the Serpent speak
Against the truth, with arguments so weak,
Replies—thou first and oldest of our race,
Have you the power to give, inspire, and place,
Far greater joys within our heart than God,
Who form'd and plac'd us in this fair abode ?
Say, is he not the author of our bliss,
The fount, from whence springs all our happiness ?
He is a being holy, pure and wise ;
'Tis he that's bound us with these friendly ties.
'Tis he inspires us with the joys of love,
And fills with fragrant flow'rs this blissful grove.
Twas he that caus'd the fragrant groves to bloom,
And gives them beauty, sweetness and perfume.
'Twas by his word yon circling mountain rose ;
He does to us his wondrous love disclose
In ev'ry herb that blooms, and every bud that blows.

All nature shows his love and wond'rous power ;
Each fount, each field, each tree, each herb, each flower,
Each star, and sun and moon in realms above
Proclaim to all who view, that God is love ;
And that he is the fount of perfect b'iss ;
From whence springs all our joys and happiness ;
In whom all holy attributes unite ;
A being wise and cloth'd with robes of light.
What then but happiness shall I pursue ?
Is not this being infinite and true ?
Be happiness my object of pursuit,
And not the knowledge of forb'dden fruit.

Then let our hearts with kind affection glow,
That we are happy, 'tis enough to know.
To be content with our appointed lot,
Is happiness, and 't's a pleasing thought.
This wisdom is by stars, and rolling planets taught.
They keep their orbits, and harmonious roll,
From sphere to sphere, and pass from pole to pole,
And all content to trace their different spheres,
For weeks and months and numerous rounds of years.

Then why should we e'er think to rise above
Our happy state, or from our stations move,
Or to our Maker's laws, false or inconstant prove !
What if the stars should wander from their post ?
Would they not sink and be in chaos lost ?
And shall we not if we forsake our state,
Sink into dust and meet deserving fate ?
Does not our heavenly friend, who never errs,
Require a heart as constant as the stars ?
With constancy those heavenly bodies trace
Their different spheres, and roll in boundless space.
Obedient to the glorious power above,
In different ways they in their orbits move ;
And with harmonious order roll around,
This blissful realm, nor vary from their bound.
What constancy and harmony unite
Yon shining globes, and realms of spotless light !

Globes roll round globes, ane stars round planets glide,
On beams of love they round each other ride,
And are by friendly ties, by their creator tied.
Those heavenly globes declare what you have taught,
To be the wisdom of an evil thought.
If they are constant to their Maker's law,
We may from it this true conclusion draw,
That constancy should be our chief pursuit,
And that tis wise to shun forbidden fruit.

Surpris'd the serpent heard this virtuous speech,
Adorn'd with wisdom far beyond her reach;
But still she seeks new reasoning's to invent
(For to destroy her was her fix't intent.)
Pride, envy, falsehood, malice now combin'd,
Possest each sense, or quality of mind.
Hateful to heaven and void of every grace
That then adorn'd the peaceful happy race,
She takes new means and measure to divert,
Or change the inclinations of her heart.
Not able to gainsay what Eve had said,
Or speak against the wisdom she display'd,
She takes another measure to ensnare,
And with her counsels to delude the fair.
Proud of her age and self conceited wise,
(To Eve) once more permit me to advise,
Great is the wisdom you have now exprest,
Thy wisdom is by different stars confest.
For constancy is sure a noble grace,
And worthy the pursuit of all our race,
But constancy ought ne'er involve us in disgrace.
When we can win some higher state above,
Can be no crime, and if it were a sin
Why need you care, when you can doubtles win,
By proving false, a higher state than this
We now possess, and fill'd with higher bliss.
But this's not all that ought induce your mind,
That is with wisdom and with truth refined,
But 'tis your credit you ought seek so save,
And value high those gifts which heaven has gave.

Your beauty and your sense you ought esteem
Above yon man that walks along the stream,
And talks with that low race, which in the fountain swim.
Oh, can you now so much thyself disgrace,
Or bring derision on thy numerous race?
Or prize so low thy noble state, or birth,
As to unite with one that's form'd of earth,
You ought to think thyself to be of higher worth.
Beyond yon mountains drest in bright array,
Where nature does its noblest works display,
In hills of gold beset with diamonds bright,
And crystal streams which roll from realms of light,
Which to us yield a fair delightful sight;
See fields of bliss disperst with gems of gold,
And blooming groves which brighter scenes unfold
Than those which shine with gems, we now around behold.
Would you now, Eve, forsake thy present state,
There you might live in ease, and be complete
In happiness, and gain a state of bliss
More rich with gold, and brighter far than this.
Would you but now explore those eastern realms,
Disperst with golden mounts and crystal streams,
You might with seraphims those glories share,
And live united with an angel there.
Now to thy heart apply what I have taught,
Nor call it blindness or an evil thought.

But this vain speech did not induce her heart
To prove inconstant or from truth depart;
Fix'd to her word uninfluenced she remain'd,
And still with constancy the truth maintain'd.
Thus to the viper once more she exprest
The true and constant motives of her breast:
Why do you yet continue to entice,
Or seek to change my mind by your advice;
If I'm contented with my present bliss,
And wish to seek no other realm but this,
Pray what is it to thee? have I no right
To my own choice, or choose how to unite?

Has not the God who form'd us made us free,
Or has He gave a sovereign right to thee,
To rule, to dictate and divide the kinds,
And place new views and motives in their minds?
Besides, the evil motives you advance,
Cannot promote my bliss or joy enhance;
For if I should to thy advice consent,
And now prove false, where could I find content;
Can I in distant realms, (if I leave this)
Enjoy sublimer joy, or greater bliss
Than what I now enjoy? or can I there
With seraphims, or holy angels, share
More sweet content? Thus spoke the graceful fair;
But the vile snake determined to ensnare
Her constant heart, and to divert her mind
From a connection with one of her kind,
That was to join with man, as heaven at first design'd
Replies to Eve, oh, can you disregard
My counsels, or my wise advice discard,
If you have no desire to leave this sphere,
And higher bliss in other regions share,
Be wise, dear friend, and seek a nobler partner here.
Now for thy union I've devised a plan;
This is to have you break thy ties with man,
And have you here a nobler partner seek,
Or one that does more louder talk or speak;
Why will you be thus by affection led?
How much more nobler would it be to wed
With yon fair lion, tyger, wolf or bear,
Or with the horse the ties of friendship share;
Or with the camel of a nobler size,
Than to unite with man in friendly ties;
And can you now declare my counsels are not wise?
View how majestic the fair lion walks,
And how much louder the fair tyger talks;
Sure 'tis more wise to join with one of these,
Than join with man, and thy vain fancy please;
Come then, thy promise made to man forsake,
And with some beast the wedded joys partake.

Like some old maid in the more modern days,
Who weakness and vain arrogance displays,

In seeking to destroy the friendly ties
Of constant friends, and proffers her advice,
And thinks herself alone supremely just and wise ;
And thinks it wise to have two persons join'd,
Who differ widely in their ways and mind,
And would by her advice their hearts & motives bind,
And blind the truth with falsehood for that end ;
So sought the serpent, Eve's infernal friend,
With proffer'd counsels and delusive art,
To make fair Eve from constancy depart,
And break the law of truth implanted in her heart,
And all her promises to man forsake,
And to unite with those of different make.
Thus sought the subtle serpent : Eve surprised
At this vile speech and plans which she'd advised,
Replies sedately, with a solemn look,
To the vile viper, and friendly did she speak.

What plans are these you now to me suggest,
And now reveal as wisest and the best ;
Does not the will of heaven, stand otherwise confest ?
View serpent, and the different kinds behold ;
See wisdom infinite his will unfold
In their creation ; view the different kinds,
Alike in form and in their size and minds,
And view how heaven with love each male and female joins.
View how true friendship reigns through all this race,
And can such kind connections be disgrace ?
What if those ones are join'd whose minds agree,
How can it ever bring disgrace on thee ?
Why seek ye then such unions to dissolve,
And in confusion this fair race involve.
The nature of such crimes let us now view,
And see what consequently will issue,
If we should yield to thee, and prove to heaven untrue.
First, should the lion leave the lioness,
And prove untrue, and heaven's commands transgress,
And all his promises and vows forego,
And seek to join in wedlock with the doe,

And discord might from such endeavors rise ;
The doe might rather choose her present ties,
And think his vile attempt intrusion, and unwise.
Or should I leave the dictates of my mind,
And seek a partner of another kind,
Or seek to win the lion for a spouse,
He well might scorn me for my broken vows,
And laugh at my intrusion, and proclaim
My vain attempt, and turn my deed to shame.
Much better then, to be content and dwell
In constancy nor from my vows rebel.
No more then urge me to forsake my love,
(That joy implanted by the power above ;)
But leave me free, for freedom is my right ;
Let heavens wise counsels teach me to unite.

Thus wisely spoke fair Eve, and thus refused
To call the counsels wise the serpent used.
Enraged, the serpent heard her plans denied,
And fill'd with envy, malice, rage and pride,
(Image of hells dark prince) thus to the fair replied.
How blinded by affection is thy mind,
To every noble view and motive blind ;
How unregardful of thy own disgrace,
And much more of the honor of thy race ;
Can you reject my wise and noble plan,
And now disgrace thyself and join with man ?
View him now walk along the crystal stream,
And talk with fish which in the fountain swim.
That mean low race of beings can you now
Fulfil thy promise made, and promise vow,
To him who thus disgrace's himself to talk
With fish, or with the beasts in friendship walk.
Now is it not disgrace for thee to wed,
With him when heav'n has plac'd you at the head
Of this vast race, and made you to excel
In beauty, all who in this region dwell ?
Thus the vain serpent spoke, inspir'd by pride & hell.

Eve much surpris'd to hear the serpent speak
Against her ties, with argument so weak,

Replies sedately with a pensive voice,
Would you deprive me of my right of choice?
Or wish to have me from the truth depart,
And break the law that's wrote within my heart?
What if I am by partial love inclin'd,
To wed with man like me in form and mind.
And thus obey the dictates of my breast
Which is my counsellor and far the best.
Can this connexion say disgrace thee in the least.
If this is all you fear you need not share
In the derision and disgrace I bear.
I'll bear it all myself, and leave you free
From all disgrace; then what's my ties to thee.
To join with beasts in matrimonial ties,
As you desire, or as you now advise,
Cannot be for my bliss, such counsels I despise;
Not that I think the beasts to be more mean
Than I am; but the counsel is obscene,
For we're no better than the fish which swim
Beneath the glassy surface of the stream;
Nor are we better than the birds that fly
O'er yon fair fields, and fill the fragrant sky
With sweet melodious notes, unto the pow'r most high.
Form'd by the self same pow'r and self same word,
We are no better than the smallest bird.
And beasts, and fish, and all the feather'd kinds,
Are in perfection, and in birth and minds
As good as we; the place that we possess,
Don't make our merit more or virtues less;
Plac'd now the first in this celestial sphere,
We ought adore, and heav'ns commands revere.
And prove sincere and constant in our love,
And never think ourselves to be above
Birds, beasts, or insects, but contented dwell,
In friendship, and ne'er from our love rebel.
Therefore no more in thy advice persist,
Or seek to change the motives of my breast.

The serpent now inspir'd by hell and pride
Not yet resigns her usurp'd right to guide;

But grows more fierce, (determin'd to destroy
The bliss of Eve,) and all her pow'r imploy,
To break the friendly ties of the fair band,
And makes them disregard heavens strict command.
And thus to Eve her weakness she exprest,
And thus reveal'd the blindness of her breast.
How art thou blinded to all noble views,
How long will you my wise advice refuse !
Will you still seek to sink us in disgrace,
And bring contempt upon our numerous race.
By thy connexion, have you no regrad
To thy own credit, will you still discard,
My counsels and to heaven's commands adhere
And the vain counsels of thy heart revere,
And the fickle counsels of thy breast
To be the wisest counsellor, and best ?
Will you still scorn the counsels I have taught,
And set my friendship, and advice at naught ;
And still declare my counsels are not wise
That urge you to forsake thy promise ties ;
Yet for your good my counsels I repeat,
Tho' you may think them vile, or indiscreet.
For sure the noble motives I express,
Are tending to exalt thy name and bliss ;
For sure far greater honor you would win,
If you would leave the law you feel within,
And with the lion wed, or with the bear
Unite, and the delights of friendship share :
And can you now this wise advice resent,
And now condemn me for my good intent ?
Or to comply with my advice refuse,
And this, my friendship, by thy deeds abuse ?
My wise advice deserves a treatment kind,
For all my plans are for your good design'd,
And tending to inspire, with noble views thy mind.

Thus plausible she spoke, with subtle art,
She sought to change the motives of her heart.
Infernal demons never fiercer strove
To influence angels, to forsake her love,
Or to destroy the bliss, of that blest choir above.

Or us'd more intrigue, subtlety or art,
Than what the serpent did to Eve impart,
To gain her to forsake the dictates of her heart.
But all in vain (as yet) her counsels prov'd,
The constant heart of Eve, remain'd unmov'd.
Not yet induc'd to leave her kind regard
She long had felt, not yet the fair one err'd
From wisdom's path ; not yet did intreague base,
Involve the innocent in sad disgrace ;
Once more she spoke, mov'd by the joys she felt,
While on her tongue the law of kindness dwelt ;
She opes her mouth with wisdom, and replies
Sedately thus, and what she spoke was wise :
Why serpent, first and oldest of our race,
Seek ye so fierce heavens image to efface,
Thy wisdom surely springs from motives vile & base.
Some evil motive does thy bosom move,
Such wisdom does not spring from pow'rs above.
Some evil motive sure inspires thy breast,
Our Maker's will stands otherwise confest.
View him to us his fix't designs declare,
And view his will in open light appear,
This manifestly shows, that you do widely err.
View how alike in form and in their minds,
Are males and females of each different kind ;
Does this not show what heav'n at first design'd ?
Look at their forms, their looks, their speech, & size,
And can you still believe your counsels wise,
Which tends to dissannul, or break such equal ties.
And what disgrace pray can it bring on thee,
If those are join'd whose form and minds agree ?
What if the dove be wedded with the hawk
Or I with one that does more louder talk ;
Or with the lion join in friendly ties,
What honor could from such connexions rise ;
Or what disgrace if doves with doves are tied
In friendly bands, or hawks with hawks allied.
Or I with man who's in my likeness made,
Or I in his, when heav'n its pow'r display'd
And form'd me from his side, with him alone to wed
What if our Maker's first designs take place,
Or such connections in this numerous race ;

Say can that be disgrace which he's design'd,
That is, to have each beast, each bird and kind,
Unite in friendly ties, and govern'd by their mind ;
In friendly ties our kind creator yokes
Those ones who coincide in form and looks ;
With partial love he joins their minds and hearts,
And his blest image unto them imparts !
Joins them in bands of transport and delight,
And will you now vile viper vend thy spite,
To put asunder those, your Maker does unite ?
Cease then, no longer with thy counsels seek,
To separate their kinds, or strive to break
Their present ties ! let every one enjoy
Their heaven gave right ; no more thy words employ,
In seeking to divert or change my mind
To leave my own and wed another kind ;
For much more wise is it for me to dwell
In constancy, nor from my state rebel.
Contented now, and blest with joys sedate,
What ought induce me to forsake this state ?
Not the advice you've given in this our long debate.
What you have taught cannot my joys enhance ;
Vile are the arguments which you advance ;
For what's a name to be compared to bliss,
Or fame, if it destroys our happiness ?
View to what end a thirst for honor leads,
How vain is fame if won by evil deeds.
True fame alone by constancy's acquired,
That worthy fame by heavenly hosts admired.
Fame won by falsehood leads but to disgrace,
It in its nature tends but to debase,
It tendeth to destroy and not to raise our race.
Inconstancy can't be a worthy name,
For it most surely leads to lasting shame.
And ought I now believe thy words sincere,
And thy instructions and advice revere,
When all the views you've urged me to embrace,
Are tending to involve me in disgrace,
And to destroy the bliss of this now happy race.
No longer serpent with vain motives glow,
Heaven's wise designs you cannot overthrow.

Let every one enjoy their equal right,
Gave them by heaven, to choose how to unite.
Let beasts with beasts in bands of friendship join.
And birds with birds and kinds unite with kind,
And leave all free to act the dictates of their mind.
And like the stars, which pass from pole to pole,
In constancy let all our moments roll,
And leave all free to act the dictates of their soul.

Heav'n knows the best how to connect the kinds
In friendly ties ; 'tis heav'n inspires their minds
With every virtuous grace, and for our good enjoins.
His strict command and law divinely wise,
That glorious law, which you so much despise,
That leaves each other free to join in friendly ties.
Thus spoke the fair, by love of virtue mov'd,
Wise was her speech by heavenly hosts approv'd.
Her constancy and true and wise reply
To the vile viper mov'd the pow'rs on high,
Who spoke her worthy praise in realms above the sky.

Enraged, the serpent heard this speech benign,
So wise and contrary to her first design;
But still by Satan urged to overthrow
The works of heaven and plunge her race in woe,
She still persists and claims a right to rule
The race, and change the motives of their soul.
Seven devils now possest her haughty breast,
Or seven vile passions her vile heart possest ;
Envy, ingratitude, deceit and pride,
Falsehood, malice, hatred, now allied,
And image of th' infernal prince of hell
In her vile heart predominantly dwell.

The vicious viper thus to Eve replies—
Blinded by pride she thought her counsels wise,
Am I not oldest? have I not a right
To rule, to dictate, govern and unite
This numerous race, and teach them how to join
In friendly ties and regulate their mind?

And shall this race declare my deeds unjust
In this dictation, when I was form'd the fir
Of this just right of mine shall they complain,
And treat my proffered counsels with disdain?
From this just right of mine shall they exempt
Themselves, and treat my wisdom with contempt?
Shall they now think me guilty of a fault,
Or criminal when seeking to exalt?
Shall they declare I have no right to rule,
Or change the present motives of their soul?
The right to dictate, govern and refine,
And regulate their minds and deeds, is mine.
Thus spoke the serpent with a haughty look,
When Eve (and wisely) thus sedately spoke—

What regulation need we? are our minds
Imperfect, or the union of the kinds
Not wisely now arranged by laws which heaven enjoins?
Are not the present motives of our breast,
The noblest views, the wisest and the best
That we can ever have, or beings e'er possest?
This love for truth, and this delightful sense
Of love, of friendship, and benevolence,
Which renders all alike, without preeminence.
Look round, oh serpent, view this chain of love,
Uniting this vast race with choirs above.
View this vast race with heavenly choirs allied,
With motives, views and minds, which coincide,
And view their hearts with love, and chains of friendship tied.
This chain, if broke, can ne'er again be join'd;
We can't regain lost innocence of mind.
Oh, how important then to shun the snare,
And of the loss of innocence beware!
And how important 'tis for our own good,
To shun the poison of forbidden food!
The present views and motives of our hearts
And kind regards, which heaven to us imparts,
And which has now the different kinds allied
In friendly bands, is sure our wisest guide.

Let then the kinds be by affection led;
Let this alone induce the kinds to wed;
In friendly ties let this vast numerous band
Obey this monitor, or heaven's command.
This kind regard does now each one incline
To seek a partner of the self same kind:
This is our Maker's work, for he inspires their mind.

This partial love he gives to be our guide,
And with his works behold it coincide.
This fair coincidence, and kind regard,
Which now unites the kinds, shows thou hast err'd
Far from the laws of wisdom, and transgress'd
The laws of justice, and doth now invest
Thyself with unjust power and unjust right
To rule, to dictate, govern and unite
This numerous race, and make them disagree,
Or break their ties when heaven has made them free.
This freedom is to every being given,
Free to enjoy the gift bestow'd by heaven;
For heaven inspires us with delightful views,
Leaves us free agents for ourselves to choose.
This liberty of ours does not extend
To wrong, to censure, quarrel or contend;
For when we differ we from right depart,
And liberty to licence we convert.

Blest with these rights in this delightful state,
We need no one to rule or regulate
Our minds, or change the motives of our breast,
For we enjoy the wisest and the best
Or most delightful views, which beings e'er possest.
Then why dost thou to break these ties engage,
Or claim a right on the account of age
To rule this race, and teach the different kinds
How to unite, or seek to change their minds?
Art thou entitled to a right to rule,
Because you are the oldest of the whole?
If age entitles thee to hold the place,
Of a supreme director of our race,
I view our future grief and sorrows vast,
Unhappy those who were created last;

Whose hearts must yield unto thy sovereign sway,
Tyrannic guardianship forced to obey.
But false thy claim and vain is thy pretence,
It shows thy vileness, and thy want of sense.
Age has no right to dictate or control
The motives heaven has placed within the soul,
The liberty of choice is each one's right,
And liberty to choose how to unite.
Therefore, now serpent, from thy claims forbear,
Let beasts, and fish, and all the fowls of air,
Be by regard and by affection led
In friendly ties, with their own kinds to wed.

Enraged the serpent heard this speech sedate,
And fill'd with envy, malice and deceit,
And moved by pride, that vile infernal power,
Enraged she walk'd from the delightful bower ;
There for a moment meditating stands,
Inventing ways to break the friendly bands
That then united all, tied by heavens wise commands.
Thus to herself her motives she exprest,
And the vile depravations of her breast.
Say, must I now, when I was form'd the first,
Yield unto Eve and own her wisdom just ?
When I am oldest, shall she now declare
I have no right to rule the birds of air,
Or teach the beasts how to connect and join
In friendly ties, and alter laws divine ?
Shall she my counsels with contempt despise,
And my wise efforts to dissolve her ties,
Or now presume to show or teach me what is wise ?
Shall she declare that heaven has made all free,
Or this controlment don't belong to me ;
And that I have no sovereign right to rule
This numerous race, to dictate or control,
Or with advice to change the motives of their soul?
Shall she now think to take away my right
To rule, to dictate, govern and unite
This numerous race, and teach them how to join
In friendly ties, when this just right is mine ?
I'll not be wrong'd of this my right to sway,
She sha'l my wisdom and advice obey.

She shall no more my wise advice refuse ;
I will for her a friend and partner choose.
A sovereign right of guardianship I claim,
'Tis mine by age, and 'tis by right the same.

Thus thought the subtle serpent moved by pride,
Inspired by Satan her infernal guide,
To rule the numerous band, and over all preside.
While Eve admired by all, sedately sat
Beneath the grove, and thus employ'd her thought,
On meditations sweet, on her blest happy lot ;
How to convince the serpent of her crime,
In tempting her to break the law sublime,
And with true wisdom stimulate her mind,
Strict to obey the laws which heaven enjoin'd.

Thus as she thought, before the graceful fair
The serpent walk'd ; and with a haughty air,
Addresses Eve. Once more, dear friend, adhere
To my wise counsels and advice sincere ;
While I reveal the views I have within,
(When I am unto thee so nigh akin)
Let not my counsels in the least offend,
But thank the kind endeavors of a friend,
Who seeks to raise you to a higher state,
Gain you a name that will be lasting great ;
And teach you now what plan you ought pursue,
And high exalt you in the public view.
Such is the motives of my present theme ;
Can you such motives now unfriendly deem ?
Or think I would now unto thee advance
Such counsels as would not thy joys enhance ?
Or that I would now unto thee impart,
Unwise advice, or evil views insert,
Or give you such advice as would your credit hurt.
Sure you have no just reason to distrust
My friendship false, or views to be unjust ;
But have the strongest reasons to believe,
That my wise counsels for your good I give.
Come then nor longer my advice refuse,

Which tends to fill thy heart with noble views ;
Nor think me criminal, or indiscreet,
If I to thee my former words repeat ;
That is, to have you leave your present ties,
And to adhere to counsels truly wise.
Such counsels as I'll now to thee impart,
Which tend to fill with noble views thy heart.
Come, break all promises that you have made,
And be by reason and by counsel led ;
Let me advise you how in friendly ties to wed.
Come now, be wise, forsake thy present vows,
And seek to win the lion for a spouse ;
He far surpasses man in strength and size,
His speech is louder and his deeds more wise.
If this don't suit you seek to win the bear,
Or with the tyger seek those joys to share,
Which flow from wedded ties, and thus obtain,
A nobler partner and a higher name ;
Then you in joy may live, and lasting be your fame.

Thus spoke the serpent—Satan fill'd her heart
With all her views, hell used its utmost art
To disunite the kinds, and heaven's designs invert.
Though hell with malice fill'd the serpent's mind
And render'd her to every virtue blind,
She could not overthrow what heav'n at first design'd.
Nor could the serpent in fair Eve excite
The vain belief, that what she taught was right,
Or with her artful words, control the realms of light.

Eve with regret heard this delusive speech,
And the false wisdom she presumed to teach.
Her bosom with unusual wisdom glow'd,
(Most wise of any in the fair abode)
And to the serpent wisely she replies ;
Truth was her guide, and what she spoke was wise ;
For heaven endow'd her with superior grace,
And with true wisdom, to instruct her race
In virtue's blissful path, well suited to the place.

Serpent, with great surprise your words I hear,
And can you now pronounce the same sincere,
Or can you now declare I ought your words revere?
Words, if I heed, will lead me to disgrace,
And if embraced will all my joys efface.
Will you now urge me for my credit's sake,
My promised vows and heavens commands forsake,
And with the beasts unite, in friendly bands,
And disregard our Maker's strict commands,
And plead such unions would exalt my bliss,
Or raise me higher in my happiness?
Far be the thought from me; such ties I scorn,
They tend but to disgrace, not to adorn.
They tend not to enhance my joys or name,
But tend to sink me in disgrace and shame.
I therefore shall thy proffer'd words refuse;
Then in thy heart restrain thy evil views.
Forbear to urge advice, and wisely curb
Thy vain desires; no more with words disturb
The present motives which control my mind,
And with regard allies me with my kind,
Nor call those laws unwise, our Maker has enjoin'd.
Who thinks my ties unwise but owls and you?
Others perhaps have quite a different view,
And think it much more honor to fulfil
My promise made, and our Creator's will.
The heavenly hosts may think my present ties,
And all the just, the virtuous, true and wise,
To be more honorable than those which you advise.
Infernal demons join'd with thee alone
May think the counsels wisdom you have shown;
But angels and the holy hosts above
Believe it wise to be control'd by love;
Which are the noblest and the wisest views,
Those Angels have, or those which else infuse?
Or those which heaven has placed within our race,
Or those which you now urge me to embrace.

Thus spoke the fair, when in a haughty tone
The serpent speaks—let heavenly things alone,
Think not to turn me by thy art or words,
Not owls alone, but all the race of birds

Believe thy promised ties to be unwise,
And think you might obtain some higher ties.
Think not to prove my counsels are unjust,
When I am oldest and was form'd the first.
For age entitles me to the high place,
As a supreme director of our race.
If not my age, my height and wisdom must
Convince you, Eve, that this my claim is just.
I'm now entitled to the sovereign sway
By height and age; the wisdom I display
Tends to exalt this race; they ought my words obey.
For wise I am; my age has made me wise;
Wise are my plans, and wise the friendly ties,
And honorable the unions I do now advise.
Being now the wisest I ought now employ
My words and counsels to promote your joy,
And place within your heart a nobler view
Than what thy fancy leads you to pursue.
And while I now my words and time devote
To raise you higher and thy joys promote,
Accept my counsels, to advice adhere,
And I will make this my advice appear
All plain and reasonable, and unto you sincere.

What can be more exaltative than fame,
Or to obtain a great and lasting name,
And to forsake or scorn the joys of love,
And conquer fancy, and to rise above
Those mean emotions placed within our hearts,
Which heaven, you say, for our own bliss imparts?
Now ought I, Eve, my sovereign right resign,
And be dictated by the laws divine?
Say, are the laws that heaven has for us made,
And the injunctions heaven has on us laid,
More nobler than the views that I have now display'd?
Can you now, Eve, against my laws protest,
And now declare the views that I've exprest,
Not wiser than the law that's written in your breast?

Thus spoke the serpent, by vile pride depraved,
For the infernal power had now engraved

His hateful image in her haughty heart,
And did to her his attributes impart.
Falsehood, deceit, and malice, envy, pride,
Ingratitue and hatred now preside
O'er all her thoughts, no lovely graces dwell
In her vile heart, vile instrument of hell.
Aid to infernal demons she now stood,
Hateful to truth and every thing that's good.
At war with heaven, and with the powers above,
Thus the vile viper with vile reasonings strove,
To gain the happy Eve to leave the joys of love.
But Eve more wise by heavenly graces blest,
Thus to the Serpent her wise mind exprest—

SERPENT, forbear such counsels to impart,
To break the law that's written in thy heart;
Forbear to claim a sovereign right to rule
This race or change the motives of their soul;
We were not form'd to be bound under your control.
Free we were made, and freedom is our right,
Free to enjoy those transports of delight
Which from affection flow, and choose how to unite.
This right to us our great Creator gave,
And will you now this race of his deprave,
And for thy vain desire of winning fame,
Involve thy race in deep distress and shame?
Can this exalt you, say, or be a worthy name?
Is fame an object worthy our pursuit?
'Tis to our happiness forbidden fruit.
Let us for once its hateful nature view,
And see what consequently will issue,
If we as you desire, this thirst of fame pursue.
Were all this race by thirst for honor led,
Or thirst for fame through all this garden spread,
Sad discord would from its vile influence spring;
Each one might strive to be a sovereign king.
The lion would usurp the power supreme,
And think the rest ought fear and worship him.
The tyger might as well the selfsame worship claim,
The leopard then might seek to win the name,
And all this numerous race with like desires for fame,

Might (and as justly) claim the sovereign sway;
And with a haughty tone to others say,
I am most fit to rule, you ought my words obey.
Were these our views, say who would condescend
To worship others; would they not contend,
And fight, and kill, and quarrel, and devour,
To gain the name of holding sovereign power?
Were all our race possest with the same views
You now retain, or seek now to infuse,
Sad discord would through all this region reign,
And sad destruction waste this happy plain.
Thy counsels tend not to exalt this race,
But tend to sink us into deep disgrace.
Thy counsels spring from motives base, obscene,
Nothing is more diminutive and mean;
Or more degrading in the public view,
Than to exalt ourselves and prove untrue.
'Tis what the glorious hosts in heaven despise,
And scorn'd by all the virtuous, true and wise.
A thirst for fame so empty, vile and vain,
We ought forever in ourselves disdain.
'Tis hateful to the glorious hosts on high,
It cannot yield delight or satisfy.
How vain's the thirst that can't be satisfied,
Or any view that is inspired by pride.
Fame's like a bubble floating on a stream.
Or like the substance of a pleasing dream,
Which vanishes with a touch, a trifling noise
Breaks the delight of visionary joys.
So vain is fame, despised by powers above;
It yields no pleasure like the joys of love.
Love or affection blooms with beams of peace,
The more we feel, the more our joys increase;
It high enlivens and exalts the mind
With kind emotions, and with motives kind.
It fills all hearts with gratitude divine,
And ties all beings with a band benign.
In angels hearts it does its rays infuse;
These are their noblest and their highest views.
Their kind affections fills that happy choir
With sweet delights; they feel no vain desire
To leave their present joys, or seek a station higher.

But those who left their first estate or love,
By pride excited to conspire above,
And fell from bliss when higher joys they sought,
Lie bound in chains of darkness made of thought.
Their thoughts of glory, past and present shame,
Creates their anguish and inspires the flame.
And so must we if we forsake our love,
That joy implanted by the power above,
Or to our present joys, false or inconstant prove.
Bound down with thought must feel our tortur'd mind,
And have no power to break the chains that bind;
If this should prove our fate who could we blame?
Heaven would be blameless; we, involved in shame,
Could we to heaven our great distress impute,
When wisely warn'd to shun forbidden fruit?
Could we then say that heaven did us deprave,
When heaven has sought and used all means to save,
And left us free? but warn'd us for our good,
To shun the poison of forbidden food.
Now, wisely warn'd by admonitions kind,
To shun that food destructive to the mind,
Inconstancy; let us forever prove
True to our hearts and to this joy of love,
Life of our souls and minds, the gift of powers above.
Nor let us e'er this joy of love forsake,
If angels fell let us true warning take,
And shun the way by which the angels fell,
Nor from our joys or from our heaven rebel,
And be contented with our present lot,
And banish all vain motives from our thought,
Lest we to give account, be by our Maker brought.
Nor vainly think above these joys to rise,
But be contented with our present ties,
Obedient to heaven's will, or laws divinely wise.

Thus spoke the fair. The serpent thus proceeds—
Are we accountable for all our deeds?
What right has heaven to call us to account,
And can we not that threatened fate surmount?
Are heavenly powers deserving of our praise?
And must we now be bound to spend our days,

Or an eternity of endless time,
In singing anthems to the power sublime,
And never win or gain a spark of fame,
Or have no being e'er extol our name?
We ought for our own selves some sovereign worship claim.

To this vile speech the constant Eve replied—
Shall we who are with heavenly hosts allied,
And are by nature pure, with holy angels tied,
Now leave our love, and kind, and joyful ties,
Scorn our own happiness, and seak to rise
Above what heaven inspires, or laws divinely wise,
And for ourselves a sovereign worship claim,
And leave our bliss to win a spark of fame?
Or vainly think we can our motives hide
From Him who does o'er numerous worlds preside?
If such is thy belief it is absurd;
For He who form'd vast regions with his word,
And has vast worlds into existence spoke,
And with one glance can through all regions look,
And view how stars in their own orbits run,
Move and revolve in circles round the sun;
See how each globe does its own orbit trace,
And circling roll through fields of boundless space;
See how around and how they glide between
Each other, and what times they intervene,
And form'd a natural cause to move the vast machine,
Composed of worlds; and with one look can pierce
Through numerous worlds that form an universe;
And with his words can all these worlds control;
Himself the great Creator of the whole,
Well knows each secret thought or motive of our soul
He knows what motives actuate our minds,
Each vain desire, and all our base designs;
Such is his knowledge and his wond'rous love,
Nothing without his aid can grow or move,
And every joy we feel flows from this power above.
Yon shining spheres He with his word controls,
And with his image He now fills our souls.
The richest gift that beings can receive,
And greatest blessing He has power to give.

Great is that God and great the praise we owe
To him who gave these fragrant groves to blow,
And caused the crystal streams from lasting founts to flow.
Great praise we owe to that Almighty power,
Who form'd this realm and spread each fragrant flow'r;
To that wise power who such wise power displays,
Let us with joy loud tuneful anthems raise,
And let far distant realms re-echo back his praise.

Thus to the serpent Eve exprest her views,
But still the viper her design pursues.
Enraged she heard her Maker's name extol'd
So high by Eve; inflamed she grows resolved
To make the happy fair like her in guilt involved.
As horrid flames from burning Etna flash,
Or raging boars their ivory tushes gnash,
Or as on rocky shores the rol.ing billows dash,
So from the serpent's eyes quick flashes dart;
Enraged she speaks, and does to Eve impart
(As wave salute the shore) the malice of her heart.

Forbear, oh Eve, to show thy Maker's power,
By distant globes or by the blooming flower;
Forbear to show thy Maker's wond'rous love,
Or prove all blessings flow from powers above,
Or by the things we view our Maker's greatness prove.
'Tis not for us our Maker's works to trace,
Or show his goodness; our exalted place
Requires of us to seek high to exalt our race.
This is our duty; we ought seek to raise
Our race to honor, not to spend our days
In seeking to enhance our great Creator's praise.
Let others sing his praise; let birds through air
Extol his name, his wonderous love declare;
But let us Eve this meaner task refuse,
And now employ our minds on higher views;
On nobler objects let us spend our time

Than singing anthems to the power sublime ;
In songs of praise let beasts and birds unite,
And praise their Maker with a due delight.
But let us Eve, employ our nobler minds
On higher views, nor join those meaner kinds
In songs and anthems to that heavenly power,
Who gave us life and spread each fragrant flower.
Let us now, Eve, esteem ourselves above
The beasts and birds, and scorn the name of love.
Nor more disgrace ourselves to talk with birds,
Nor more with songs of corresponding words
Unite with fish, who dwell beneath the stream,
In songs or anthems to the power supreme.

As from her mouth the counsels vile issue,
From her blue eyes quick darts of anger flew,
Enraged to think that Eve believed her words untrue.
Not angry looks could turn the heart of Eve,
Nor solemn tones could make the fair believe
'Twas real wisdom to forsake her love,
Or break the law enjoin'd by powers above.
As the vile viper with resentment burn'd,
Eve to the serpent this reply return'd.—
Is it disgrace to show our Maker's power,
By distant globes or by the blooming flower ;
In distant stars his wonderous power to trace,
Or show his glories to this numerous race ?
Is it a work diminutive to raise
His name, or join with birds to sing his praise ?
Shall we forbear with corresponding words
To sing his praise, and leave the task to birds ?
Shall we forbear (by beasts and birds confest
First in creation, most with knowledge blest)
To sing his praise, when birds around extol,
And sing the praises of this Lord of all ?
'Tis no disgrace but honourable to join
With beasts and birds to praise the power divine.
Then let us long our Maker's glories sing,
And with the birds assembled in a ring,
Join in melodious notes and praise our heav'nly King.

And like the angels in yon realms of light,
In sweet melodious songs of praise unite ;
And loudly spread our Maker's praise around,
Let distant worlds hear the melodious sound,
And let far distant realms high with his praise rebound.

Thus spoke fair Eve by heavenly wisdom moved ;
But pride can never bear to be reproved ;
The proud can't bear the truth ; its glorious rays
Burns the proud heart like a hot sulph'rous blaze.
Proud of her age and of her high descent,
The serpent now on Eve's destruction bent,
Had a long length of time in fruitless efforts spent,
With base, infernal counsels to invert
That image heaven had placed within her heart,
And her contented mind from virtues ways divert,
As Eve with wisdom did her words reprove,
So much more fiercer the vile viper strove.
Resolved she was hell's intents to fulfil,
And gain her own base and infernal will.
Enraged the serpent heard this wise reply,
While from her eyes quick darts of anger fly ;
From her vile heart a tide of rage issues,
And with a lofty air exprest her views.
As Vesuvius swell'd with haughty pride,
From its high summit pours a burning tide ;
With angry flashes from its lofty brow,
Pours devastation on the fields below ;
And with loud sounds and loud repeated roars,
From its huge breast a fiery torrent pours,
So the vile viper pour'd on Eve her rage,
And boasts her wisdom and superior age.

Will you still Eve, my wise advice refuse,
And still reject my wise and noble views ?
Will you continue still to disregard
My wise advice, and my wise plans discard ?
If so, go Eve, be govern'd by your mind,
Till you at last by sad experience find

That these wise counsels I to thee impart,
Exceed those views now placed within your heart;
Till you by sad experience find my word
Wise and sincere, not arrogant, absurd.
When you are by thy blind affection brought
To sad destruction, think then how I sought,
To save you from thy fate, by wisdom I have taught.
Then will you find the friendship you despise,
And my wise efforts to destroy your ties
To be a friendship kind, sedate, and truly wise.

But this vile speech did not induce her heart
To prove inconstant, or from truth depart.
Fix'd in her love uninfluenced she remains,
Infernal friendship she as yet disdains.
Serpent forbear, (the constant Eve replies)
Nor longer seek to break my present ties,
Or call thy friendship true, or counsels truly wise.
False is that friendship you so much pretend,
'Tis not true friendship to destroy a friend;
For thy vile counsels tend but to efface
The joy and happiness of all this race;
They tend to sink us into sad distress,
And not to raise us in our happiness.
That friendly law enjoin'd by powers above,
That law of wisdom or that law of love,
Is the best law which beings can invent,
To fill our hearts with pleasure and content,
This is our best and far our wisest guide,
A law of glory, though despised by pride.
This glorious law our Parent has enjoin'd
On all our race, and for our bliss design'd.
Just is his law, and 'tis divinely wise,
For it connects our race in equal ties,
And leaves all free to act without controul,
The kind emotions of their heart and soul.
It grants a just and equal right to all,
And if we break it we must surely fall
From this delightful paradise of bliss,
Or from the happy motives we possess.

Cease then, no longer with thy words entice,
Or strive to change my mind by your advice,
I need no guardian to instruct me how
I ought unite, thy claims I disavow.
As I'm content and feel no vain desire
To leave my present state to win a higher,
Or against my own bliss or happiness conspire.
I ask no counsels or advice from thee,
All I desire is this, to leave me free;
Free to enjoy the dictates of my mind,
That is, to be allied with my own kind,
And to obey that law our Parent has enjoin'd.
If you are friendly as you now pretend,
By your compliance prove yourself a friend.
Leave me unmoved to taste the joy that flows
From constancy, and that which love bestows.

Enraged the serpent heard her plans refused,
And thought herself by Eve's true words abused.
For such's the nature of an evil view,
It cannot bear the one that's just and true.
Pride cannot bear to hear the truth disclosed,
For it by nature stands to truth opposed.
For truth and falsehood cannot be allied,
And falsehood is an attribute of pride,
For Satan never did in realms of truth abide;
But hateful to the truth and joys of love,
Pride has forever warr'd with powers above.
All those who wear the image of that power,
By nature vile who seeketh to devour,
Hate truth, and thirst for honor, power and fame,
Seek to exalt themselves and their own name,
And truth, 'tis evident, will such vile minds inflame.
So Eve's true speech inflamed the serpent's breast,
Which was with Satan's attributes possest;
Enraged she heaves as Etna when convulsed
With sore eruptions, yet she raged repulsed
By heavenly wisdom and with true replies,
To her vile counsels arrogantly wise.

Will you yet Eve continue to reject
My wise advice and treat it with neglect?
When I am oldest will you now refuse
To reverence me, or heed my noble views?
Now would you Eve, deprive me of my place
As a supreme director of this race,
When I by age and wisdom do excel
All those who do in this fair region dwell?
And can you now make any more pretence,
That I can't justly claim pre-eminence?
Does not my age convince you of my right
To rule, and teach this race how to unite?
I am by age and wisdom qualified
To rule this race and over all preside,
And teach them how to join and be their sovereign guide.

Enraged she spoke, for Satan fill'd her soul
With all her views and wishes to controul,
And that superior age entitled her to rule.
Eve once more seeks to calm the serpent's rage,
And to convince her that superior age
Did not entitle her to power supreme,
O'er beasts, or birds, or fishes of the stream,
But 'twas their Maker's right the power belong'd to Him,
To place whoe'er He pleased as He thought best,
To rule, to govern or direct the rest.
That their Creator had a right to place,
If he saw fit, the youngest of the race
To rule the rest; and that her views and pride,
Made her unfit to govern and preside.
Eve now with wisdom seeks to guard her race
From the vile views the serpent did embrace,
Which in their nature led to sink them in disgrace.

Serpent, how inconsistent are thy words;
Are you far wiser than the beasts or birds?
Because you are the oldest, must this band
Be bound, unwilling, under your command?

Hard is our fate if this is heaven's decree,
That all this race must be controul'd by thee.
If heaven intended age should bear the sway,
And that the rest should thy commands obey,
Why has our Maker not to us declared
That He's on age the sovereign power conferr'd;
And to this race made his intentions known,
That sovereign power, belongs to thee alone?
But heaven it seems has no such thing design'd,
But has on us this strick command enjoin'd,
To be controul'd by love and govern'd by our mind.
While we are by these kind emotions moved,
Our deeds no doubt will be by heaven approv'd.
While we're controul'd by love and motives kind,
And heaven's blest image blossoms in our mind,
We need no president with sovereign sway,
To give us laws, or make us them obey.
Why need we say, one to controul the rest?
The law that heaven has placed within our breast,
Is far our wisest monitor and guide;
By this wise law, long let this race be tied;
Let all be govern'd by this law of love,
And true and constant let us ever prove.

Cease then, nor claim a sovereign right to rule
This numerous race; seek no more to controul
The dictates of their heart, or motives of their soul.
But serpent, if you still persist to claim
The sovereign power, or to usurp the same,
Let me convince you that the powers above,
Will of your usurpation disapprove.
An usurp'd right to govern can't be just,
Nor can those, justly, who were form'd the first,
Claim the pre-eminence or power supreme,
O'er beasts, or birds, or fishes of the stream.
True and as justly might the youngest bird,
Claim the pre-eminence, nor be absurd;
Some might as justly for superior strength
Claim sovereign power, and some for size or length,

Might claim the power, and some might make pretence,
That their loud speech or their superior sense,
Gave them undoubted right to hold pre-eminence.
But unto man the sovereign right is given
By their Creator, 'tis the will of heaven.
If our Creator has on man confer'd
The sovereign power, has he from justice err'd?
If our Creator does on man confer
A right to rule the beasts and fowls of air,
'Tis no injustice, he has done no wrong,
For to our wise Creator does belong
A right to govern and direct this band,
And to enjoin on all a strict command.
Let this consideration calm thy rage,
Nor more pretend that thy superior age
Entitles thee to bear the sovereign sway,
Or that the younger ought thy words obey.
Although thy age surpasses all the rest,
This does not prove thy counsels are the best;
Or that you are most fit to hold the place,
As a supreme director of thy race.
For your vile motives, and your views and pride,
Make you unfit to be a sovereign guide;
For those who govern others ought retain
Just views of heaven and evil views disdain.
They ought to seek in others to infuse,
Just, virtuous principles and virtuous views.
They ought to teach their subjects to revere
Their Maker's law, and prove to all sincere.
They ought in others at all times instil,
A strict obedience to their Maker's will.
But those who would force others to obey
Unjust commands, and thirst for sovereign sway,
Seek their own glory and usurp the right
To rule, to dictate, govern and unite,
Are sure unfit o'er others to preside,
Or be a ruler or a sovereign guide,
Cease then nor longer make a false pretence,
That age's entitled to pre-eminence.

This true reply of Eve like all the rest,
Excited anger in the serpent's breast;
Inflamed she raged, with anger she replied—
Am I unfit o'er others to preside?
Shall this our race be left entirely free
To act their minds and ne'er adhere to me?
Will you still seek to prove my claim unjust
To sovereign power, when I was form'd the first?
Will you still strive or in this race excite,
That heaven has gave them an undoubted right
To act for their own selves, and choose how to unite?
Will you still teach them heaven has made them free,
And not to put their confidence in me?
The oldest have a right to rule the rest,
For their opinion sure must be the best;
They know who are most suitable and fit
To be allied, the younger ought submit
Unto their counsels and believe them wise,
And reverence and obey when they advise,
And join as they think best in bands and friendly ties.
Be silent then, nor in this race excite
A false belief, that I've no sovereign right
To teach them how they ought in friendly bands unite.
No more pretend I have no right to guide,
Or that this race ought not in me confide,
Or that my views do not with angels coincide.

Thus spoke the serpent with a scornful look,
When Eve, and wisely, thus sedately spoke—
Serpent, how inconsistent is thy rage,
How false thy claim on the account of age
To hold a sovereign right or power supreme,
O'er beasts, or birds, or fishes of the stream.
Thy claim to power appears to me absurd,
For every beast, and every fish and bird
Have equal right to act without controul,
The views implanted in their heart or soul.
Each one's entitled ('tis a heaven gave right)
Their Maker does in them this love excite,
And leaves them free to act, and choose how to unite.

Now view this race by heavenly love inclined,
To seek a partner of the self same kind,
Moved by the kind regard implanted in their mind.
Now view this race by heavenly friendship tied,
View all the kinds with their own kinds allied,
View how their looks and form agree or coincide.
This partial love which kinds retain for kinds,
Shows God's foreknowledge and his first designs ;
He for that end inspires their breast with love,
Their forms and views does his foreknowledge prove.
That he foreknows what unions will take place,
Or what connections in this numerous race,
Is evident, and yet he leaves us free
Though he has bound us by a fix'd decree,
That kinds should join kinds or with their kinds agree.
And his decrees are holy, pure and just,
And we may safely in our Maker trust ;
His wise commands He's for our safety given,
And if we break them there's no fault in heaven.
For our Creator's laws and wise commands,
Preserves true freedom to this numerous band ;
It don't on us an unjust task enforce,
But leaves us agents to a right of choice.
Free to enjoy the pleasures of the soul,
That springs from love and act without controul.
Such is our state and 'tis a glorious right,
Thus to be bound by transports of delight,
And laws that leave us free to choose how to unite.
Freedom's our right and heaven has made us free,
And ought we now resign our rights to thee ?
Made free by heaven must this vast race resign
Their Maker's laws to be controul'd by thine ?
Must this vast race now with true love allied,
Yield up this bliss to gratify thy pride ?
Cease then, nor longer with thy counsels strive,
Or this fair race of their just rights deprive ;
Be wise and from such evil views refrain,
For heaven will render all thy efforts vain.

Thus to the serpent Eve sedate replied ;
True was her speech, too true to be denied,
Yet it did not agree with the vile viper's pride.
Enraged she heard this true and virtuous speech,
And the true wisdom she presumed to teach ;
Her breast with anger burn'd, and with a grin,
She show'd the malice she retain'd within.
For pride can't bear to have the truth preside,
But thinks that justice ought to yield to pride ;
And yet the proud by seeking to efface
The works of heaven, bring on themselves disgrace.
So did the serpent by her vile designs,
In vain attempt to disunite the kinds,
Bring on herself disgrace and endless shame,
But won what she had sought, a hateful name.

Now fill'd with envy, malice, rage and pride,
The vicious viper unto Eve replied—
Why will you Eve continue to oppose
The wise advice and counsels I disclose,
And matrimonial ties I do for you propose ?
All I desire is to exalt you, Eve,
For that intent my wise advice I give ;
I wish to raise you by my counsels wise,
Above thy present love and promised ties ;
I've sought to raise you far above thy kind,
And place more nobler motives in your mind.
Such are my motives, such my present views,
And such the kind endeavors you refuse.
Such is the friendship I retain for you,
And such the kind regard you deem untrue.
Then why will you my wise advice reject,
And treat my friendly counsels with neglect ?
Or treat me for my kind advice with scorn,
Ingratitude for kind regard return.
As I was form'd the first of all this race,
I have, oh Eve, undoubted right to place
What views I please within their hearts and minds,
And to advise, dictate and join the kinds ;
And 'tis the duty of this numerous band,

To reverence and obey what I command.
And 'tis the duty of man, beasts and birds,
To heed my counsels and obey my words.
The younger ought submit and be controul'd,
And take advice and counsel from the old.
They ought to view the counsels they impart,
Above the love or motives of their heart.
They ought to love and join as they advise,
In wedlock or in matrimonial ties,
And to esteem their words and counsels truly wise.
This is their real duty, and 'tis just
That they should mind the counsels of the first;
'Tis just the oldest should possess the place
Of a supreme director of their race,
They ought to teach the young what views they ought embrace;
And how they ought ally in friendly ties,
And who they ought to love and who despise.

Thus blind to wisdom and to reason blind,
The viper unto Eve unfolds her mind.
But Eve still constant to her views and heart,
Rejects the serpent's treachery and art;
And to the serpent with regret replies—
I cannot yet believe thy counsels wise;
For sure our Maker has a sovereign right
To teach us how we ought in bands unite.
He form'd our bodies and he form'd our minds,
And now on all this strict command enjoins,
And 'tis ejoin'd on all, that kinds should wed their kinds.
He has undoubted right to bind this band
With such a wise decree or wise command;
And will you now usurp a power supreme,
And take the right of government from Him?
Will you still claim a sovereign right to rule
The present views and motives of our soul?
Have you a right to change our present views,
And other motives in our hearts infuse?
And say, does age give thee this sovereign power,

To change our minds and all our bliss devour ;
Or change those laws our Maker has enjoin'd,
And change our love, and disunite each kind ?
No, serpent, no such right to thee is given,
But you usurp the government of heaven ;
There is no right or justice in thy claims ;
False thy pretence, infernal are thy aims.
When our Creator's laws are wise and just,
You have no right, (although created first)
To alter, change, or His commands invert,
Or use thy utmost skill, deceit and art,
To change the present views or motives of our heart.
You have no right to dictate or advise,
Or teach us how to join in friendly ties,
For heaven has made us free and his commands are wise.

Thus spoke the fair—the serpent in a rage,
Ought not this race pay no respect to age ?
Have they undoubted liberty to choose
For their own selves and my advice refuse ?
Do'nt my superior age give me a right
To rule, to govern, counsel and excite,
And all this numerous race in friendly bands unite ?
It does, oh Eve, entitle me to bear
O'er man, o'er beasts, and all the fowls of air,
A power supreme ; my claim is truly just,
All ought to be dictated by the first.
Justice on age, supremacy confers,
The oldest ought to rule, the right is theirs.
'Tis just the old should hold the sovereign sway,
'Tis just the younger should the old obey ;
This truth ought be by every one confest,
The oldest have a right to guide the rest.
Cease then, no longer my just power oppose,
That power which justice on my age bestows.

Thus spoke the serpent, haughty, vain and proud,
When Eve with far superior gifts endow'd,

Replies —I yet must thy advice reject,
Although thy age may claim from me respect ;
For if thy counsels do not coincide
With those from heaven, they ought not be our guide ;
For our Creator's laws are truly wise,
No other law no being can devise,
That equals them in wisdom, they are just,
And we may safely in our Maker trust.
What He's on us enjoin'd is for our good,
All that we need, he has on us bestow'd.
Blest with his image, in his likeness made,
With holiness and innocence array'd,
We are divinely blest. Then let us prove
True to our Maker's law, that law of love,
And be controul'd by truth, and precepts from above.
Let constancy be our perpetual guide,
And let us ever shun the paths of pride.
Thus wisely spoke fair Eve, the subtle snake replied.
Oh Eve, why will you labor to instil,
Or prove to me that our Creator's will
Is our best guide, and that it is divine,
That it in wisdom far surpasses mine ;
For it is certain what I've taught to you,
Is real wisdom, and my words are true.
My friendship is sedate, my counsels kind,
They tend to raise you and exalt your mind,
They are more wise than those our Maker has enjoin'd.
Now ought we Eve our Maker's laws regard,
If we can reap no profit or reward
By our obedience, ought we them embrace,
When they if kept will sink us in disgrace ?
And it is certain, Eve, what I have taught,
Ought not to be despised or be forgot,
For it is wisdom ; you ought to receive
My wise advice, for 'twill exalt you Eve.
Now if you would obey what I have said,
And be by my advice and counsels led,
And disregard your vows, and promises you've made,
You might, oh Eve, obtain some higher ties,

And might to higher fame and honor rise.
This ought to be, oh Eve, your highest aim,
You ought to seek to win a glorious name,
Fame will exalt us, Eve, you ought to seek for fame.
Now can you, Eve, slight my advice and prove
True unto man, and be controul'd by love;
Oh, can you, Eve, in bands of friendship join
With man, and scorn this wise advice of mine?
It is surprising strange you can admire,
Or entertain a wish or a desire
To wed with him, or e'er with him unite,
When other ties can yield you more delight;
The Lion, Eve, would prove to thee more kind,
Were you with him in matrimony join'd,
And much more honor, credit and esteem,
You would acquire if you would wed with him;
Therefore be wise, and my advice embrace,
For 'twill exalt you, and exalt this race.

The Serpent thus, conspired by hell and pride,
Attempts with art and counsels to divide
Those hearts whom heaven with love and friendly bands had tied;
When Eve, endowed with wisdom, blest with sense,
And blest with holy views and innocence,
Replies: Vile Serpent, cease, no more employ
Thy words, thy arts, or counsels to destroy
My present views and love, the source of all my joy.
As I am now contented with my lot,
'Tis wisdom to despise what you have taught,
And shun the evil counsels you impart,
And mind that law implanted in my heart:
That law divinely wise, on us enjoined,
Given to preserve, defend, and guard the mind
From the impending danger, which surrounds
The perfect happiness that now abounds;
On us, true bliss our Maker has bestow'd,
Given us a blissful and a fair abode,
And holy minds adorned with views sedate;
A glorious, happy and exalted state:

A blissful garden, fill'd with stores immense,
To please the taste, and animate each sense;
All calculated to afford delight,
And in our minds true gratitude excite,
And does with chains of love, this numerous race unite.

Such are the gifts, which from our Maker flow,
Such are the gifts he does on us bestow;
Such is his friendship, kindness and regard,
Now shall we, serpent, his commands discard,
And from his friendship and his laws revolt,
And our ownselves and our own names exalt,
And prove inconstant to this Power above,
And scorn those sweet delights which flow from love?
If we should now against our joys conspire,
Could it exalt us to a station higher?
Say, can inconstancy exalt my mind,
Raise me (in other views) above my kind?
If I should now prove to my words untrue,
Would it exalt me in the public view?
Would it exalt me unto higher bliss,
Or to a higher state of happiness?
Say, would the powers above my deeds admire;
A greater name should I by it acquire?
No, serpent, if I should thy views embrace,
It would involve and sink me in disgrace.
If in pursuit of fame I spend my time,
There's nothing more sedate or more sublime,
Than constancy. This is the noblest aim;
Truth is entitled to the highest name;
Famous for proving true, is far the highest fame,
It is a name adored in realms of light;
A name of honor, clothed with glories bright;
A name entitled to immortal praise;
A crown of glory shedding golden rays.
Such is the honor to the constant due;
Such praise belongs to the sedate and true.
What exaltation that! can it exalt
To prove untrue, or from our bliss revolt?

What's fame, if by inconstancy acquir'd ;
Can it exalt, or can it be admir'd ?
Or can inconstancy exalt the soul,
And cause our thoughts in sweet content to roll ?
Who can admire inconstancy or fraud,
Or the inconstant, or the vain applaud?
What right to happiness can beings claim,
Who prove inconstant for the sake of fame ?
Will heaven reward them with a blissful state,
And crown their lives with bliss or joys sedate ;
Will heaven bestow felicity on those,
And crown their nightly hours with sweet repose ?
No, serpent ; heaven will clothe their minds with shame,
Who prove untrue to gain a lasting name.
Therefore, if I the paths of fame pursue,
I've gain'd immortal fame by proving true.
My promise made, I will to man fulfill ;
It is my choice and my Creator's will.

She spake : The Serpent with resentment burns,
And to the Fair this haughty speech returns ;
Will you still, Eve, slight the advice I've given,
And be controul'd by love and rul'd by heaven !
Oh, will you, Eve, be govern'd by regard,
And all my wise advice, and plans discard ?
Oh, will you let your love and fancy rule
O'er all the nobler motives of the soul ?
No more pretend that real wisdom lies
In kind connections, or in friendly ties ;
Or that the plans I've laid are not sublime or wise.
Wise are my plans, and 'tis your duty, Eve,
To reverence me and what I've taught receive.
If you discard the wise advice I've taught,
Disgrace and shame will be thy fatal lot.
For sure, O Eve, you can't avoid disgrace,
If you do not what I have taught embrace.
For sure if you unite in friendly ties
With man, it will disgrace you in the eyes
Of all this numerous race ; therefore be truly wise.

Be wise then Eve, thy promise made discard,
Be ruled by honor, not by thy regard ;
Be not by thy past promises controul'd,
But be advis'd, and govern'd by the old,
And by the noble views I now to thee unfold.
Honor, Oh Eve, should be your chiefest aim ;
You ought to seek for honor and a name,
And sure, Oh Eve, (if I have skill to scan)
It will disgrace you if you wed with man.
Now if you would my wise advice embrace,
And shun that tie that will incur disgrace,
You may ally or wed, with any of this race ;
Just who you choose (of all this race around,)
With him you may in friendly ties be bound.
Thus you might, Eve, thyself to honor raise,
And gain deserving and immortal praise.
Now can you scorn this wise advice I've given,
And be controul'd by laws (you say from heaven!
But what has heaven to do with things below ?
You have a right, your promise to forego.
No promises are binding on the mind ;
In lawful bands no solemn vows can bind,
Or make an union lawful, just or fast,
Until some solemn ceremony's past.
And as I am the oldest and most wise,
The right to sanction matrimonial ties
Belongs to me, snd no one should unite
Before I give them liberty, or right—
Before you promis'd man, you ought, O Eve,
Ask'd my advice, gain'd my consent and leave.
You had no right to promise, or agree,
Before you'd gain'd, or ask'd consent of me.
But since you have for want of counsel err'd,
It is no crime your promise to discard.
You have a right to break thy late made vows,
And seek some other partner, friend, or spouse.
Therefore, be wise, and my wise counsels scan ;
Seek other ties and leave thy love for man.
Great honor, Eve, you would by it acquire,
Gain nobler ties and be exalted higher,
And all this numerous race, would thy wise act admire.

Thus spoke the serpent: but the Fair more wise
Unto this vain and haughty speech replies:
Cease, serpent, for the blind advice you've given,
Can't be compar'd to the wise laws of heaven.
For heaven's wise laws thy own vain views excell,
As far as heaven in bliss surpasses hell.
Just are its laws, its friendship true and kind;
Thine is infernal, from a selfish mind.
Thy motives spring, and if I them embrace,
It will involve, or sink me in disgrace;
For it is certain, if I should obey
Thy blind advice, and my late vows betray,
I here must loose the bliss I've long enjoy'd;
My happiness will certain be destroy'd,
Nor can I shun my fate, or punishment avoid.
It can't exalt my name, my bliss or mind
To leave my own, and wed another kind.
The greatest honor beings can acquire,
(And 'tis a name that heavenly hosts admire,)
Is to prove true and constant to their friends;
And guard them from the darts that envy sends.
Fidelity snd constancy in love
Are clothed with honor in the realms above.
They shine with brightness in the realms of light,
Forever glorious and forever bright.
With honors bright, thro' heaven's bright realms they shine;
Divine their glory and their name divine.
Angels, inspir'd by these pure views, fulfill
Their wise Creator's great commands and will.
And, shall I not, mov'd by those views sedate,
Shine like the Angels, in the blissful state;
And with fidelity fulfill my words,
And taste that bliss that constancy affords?
And now with man in bands of friendship wed,
And be by these exalting graces led?
With true fidelity let every kind
Obey that law our Maker has enjoin'd;
That law or partial love implanted in their mind.
This is true wisdom; tis our Maker's will;
'Tis wise in us to reverence and fulfill

His wise decrees, and his commandments heed ;
(Tho' none can change the unions he's decreed)
For kinds from kind no one can separate,
By treachery, falsehood, intrigue, or deceit.

She spoke : The serpent with resentment rose,
For pride is always ready to oppose
The will of heaven, and render beings blind
To all those views that high exalt the mind.
Enraged she speaks, and to the fair replies,
Have I no right to dictate and advise,
Or separate the kinds, or break their present ties ?
Have I no power by intrigue to divide,
Or separate the kinds (by heaven allied ?)
Can I not, Eve, by my advice invert
The will of heaven ; make kinds from kind depart,
And change that partial love implanted in their heart ?
The sovereign power belongs to me, oh Eve ;
What right have kinds to join without my leave ?
I have a sovereign right, (and it is just,)
To hold pre-eminence and stand the first
Of all Creation, and to guide the whole ;
Join who I please, and as I please, controul,
And to invert each view and motive of the soul.
This sovereign right does unto me belong,
And who shall teach me what is right or wrong ?
Now ought I, Eve, yield or adhere to you,
And now believe what you have taught is true,
When 'tis so evident my claim is just
To sovereign power, o'er all and stand the first
Of this Creation and these numerous kinds,
And to exalt and regulate their minds,
This sovereign power belongs to me by right,
Just are my claims to dictate and unite
The different kinds, and join them as I please,
And all this race should reverence my decrees.
That what I claim is just, I shall maintain ;
All your attempts and labours are in vain.
To prove I have no sovereign right to rule,
Or change the present motives of the soul
Of all this numerous race, and all their minds controul.

THUS spoke the serpent; when the fair enjoin'd—
It is the work of an infernal mind,
To use deceit and counsels to divide
Those hearts which heaven has with true love allied.
This is infernal friendship. It doth here
Show its true nature and in light appear.
In this its nature is exposed to view,
And shows itself far different from the true.
True friendship is by kinder motives known:
It seeks for others bliss and wins its own.
Freedom and Liberty and equal rights,
And constancy and truth are its delights.
It leaves all free with liberty to choose;
It fills all minds with animating views.
Such is true friendship; (in its native kind;)
Such views exalt and animate the mind;
Such is the law of friendship and of love,
Enjoin'd on us by that wise power above.
While we the graces of the kind pursue,
And are controul'd and governed by the true,
Delight and joy will thro' this realm abound,
And all our lives will be with pleasure crown'd.
No discord then can any way arise;
All then will have their choice, their chosen ties
Will be a source of true delight and bliss,
A life of glory form'd of happiness.
But if we, serpent, these kind views discard,
And break this law of friendship and regard,
And thy vile motives for our guide embrace,
Sad discords will destroy this peaceful race;
For all the views you've taught are in their nature base.
False is thy friendship, and thy counsels vile;
That can't be pure, that tendeth to defile;
That can't be friendship of the truest kind,
That tends to sink and to destroy the mind;
That can't be friendship of the kindest sort,
Which woundeth and makes others mind its sport.

SHE spoke: The serpent in a haughty mien—
Don't call my friendship false, or views obscene:

For all my words, (if rightly understood,)
You'd find were given to promote your good,
Your happiness, oh Eve, is all my aim,
And to exalt you and promote your fame,
Is my desire. Now can you disregard
My wise advice, and tell me I have err'd?
The friendship I retain and proffer you
Is real, just; 'tis kind sedate and true;
And all the counsels I have given are wise;
For, Eve, 'tis certain, that thy present ties
Are not so high and honorable as those
I have or do for thy own bliss propose.
The Lion, Eve, surpasses man in size;
His speech is louder, and his deeds more wise.
Now it is certain, Eve, it is far higher ties
To be allied, or with the Lion join'd,
Than to be bound, or wedded with thy kind.
This wise advice for your own good I give;
'Tis true regard makes me advise you, Eve.
Your happiness I seek, your bliss and fame
I have in view; this is my present aim.

Thus the vain serpent, made a fair pretence
That 'twas true friendship and benevolence
Excited her to use her utmost art
To make the Fair from her own joys depart,
And to forsake that law implanted in her heart.
So Satan reasons and the proud pretend
That such endeavours constitute a friend.
When 'tis infernal friendship to divide,
Or separate those hearts by heaven allied,
Or seek with art, or intrigue to controul
The joys of love implanted in the soul.
Eve with regret heard this unfriendly speech,
And the vile measures she attempts to teach,
And to the serpent, (now a slave to pride,)
Sedately thus, with wisdom she replied:
Serpent, what kind surprizing friendship this
That you pretend will high promote my bliss?
It is a friendship I can't comprehend;

I can't believe that one a real friend
Who makes a fair pretence of being kind,
And seeks to change and to divert my mind,
Or the affections of my heart destroy,
That fount of bliss, that source of all my joy.
Call not such friendship kind, its proper name
Ought be infernal, for it leads to shame;
'Tis not true friendship, for it springs from pride,
It tendeth to destroy and to divide
This race now join'd by love and with true friendship tied.
Friendship which springs from pride is false and base;
It leads its friends to trouble and disgrace.
Friendship which springs from love and truth is kind;
It guards its friends and animates the mind:
Inspired by truth and bound with chains of love,
Angels and seraphs, dwell in realms above;
The laws of kindness they with joy fulfill,
Forever constant to their Maker's will.
Mov'd by such friendly views and pure desires,
(And void of pride,) those high exalted choirs
In perfect bliss, their time in glory spend;
All in each other finds a real friend;
Such is their happy state, their joys can never end.
But some entic'd by pride, (that vain desire,)
Left their first love to seek some glory higher;
Tho' they in bliss and perfect glory dwelt,
They left their love and sweet delights they felt,
And change their happy state for one composed of guilt.
Tho' once with heavenly, holy choirs allied,
They chose the friendship and pursuits of pride;
'Twas their own choice to leave their glorious state,
(Their love of holiness and views sedate,)
And what was the result: They met deserving fate.
Drove out from heaven to taste the joys they chose,
They find the bliss they sought, a gulph of woes;
With horrid guilt in sulph'rous flames they burn,
No more to Glory, can they e'er return.

Tho' they are left to their own chosen views,
And their Creator's glorious gifts abuse,
The loss is all their own, their Maker does not loose.
For all his attributes remain the same,
And their just fate brings glory to his name.
If Angels who transgress, are punish'd; thus
Is it no sin, no fault, or crime in us
To leave our love, that fount of joy within,
(With a vain hope some higher joys to win,)
And thus against our bliss, and our Creator sin.
Then Serpent cease, nor longer seek to prove,
That 'tis not wisdom to be rul'd by love;
Or that we ought not heed commandments from above.
Thus spoke the Fair, when the vile Viper (here,)
Attempts once more to prove herself sincere,
And that she had a right to speak and interfere,
And to controul, to dictate and advise
Man, beasts and birds, and teach them what was wise,
And how they ought ally, and join in friendly ties.

Thus unto Eve: Oh can you disregard
What I have said and my advice discard,
And now attempt to prove I have from wisdom err'd?
Surely, Oh Eve, what I have taught is true,
True is the friendship I retain for you;
And if you would, oh Eve, my wise advice pursue,
You then would see what I have taught is wise,
And see and know where real wisdom lies;
And what are wise pursuits and what exalting ties.
You then would see I have a right to rule
This numerous race, and likewise to controul
The dictates of their hearts and motives of the soul.
You then would see I have a sovereign right
To rule, to dictate, govern and unite
This race and that I know, what ties will yield delight.
Now Eve be wise, be by advice controul'd,
Take counsel and instruction from the old.
For wise is the advice I do to thee unfold;

Then you would know what I have taught is wise,
You then will win far more exalting ties;
Now Eve can you reject, and my advice despise?
Tho' you've despised the wisdom I have taught,
And set my friendship and advice at naught,
I am your truest friend & the best friend you've got.
All I desire is to exalt your mind,
And to exalt you far above thy kind,
By having you allied, or with the Lion join'd.
Now Eve, methinks you would embrace my plan;
Methinks you might the Lions virtues scan
And own that he excells, and far surpasses man.
'Tis evident and plainly to be seen
In strength, in size, in speech and noble mien,
He far surpasses him whose actions are obscene.
Now can you Eve, my good advice despise
And scorn such noble and exalting ties,
And my instructions slight, which now appear so wise?
Now can you Eve, despise what I have said,
And with the Lion now refuse to wed,
And still be rul'd by love, or be by fancy led?
Now can you Eve, my wise instructions slight,
And now with man in friendly bands unite,
When other wedded ties, can yield you more delight?
Be wise, oh Eve, and thy own kind discard;
Be rul'd by wisdom, not by thy regard;
And this is wisdom Eve, I have to thee declared.
Now Eve, be wise, no more attempt to prove
That 'tis our duty to be rul'd by love;
Or that we ought obey those precepts from above.
We are made free, (as you have late enjoin'd,)
But where the freedom, if it firmly bind
Each kind to love its own, or wed with its own kind?
If we are all (as you've pretended) free,
Then how can it be criminal in thee
To wed the Lion, (Eve,) or to adhere to me?
By thy own words, this right of choice is thine,
(And you've pretended 'tis a right divine.)
Then if you choose to wed, or with the Lion join

You have undoubted right to do the same,
And still be innocent and free from blame:
This liberty of choice, you now may justly claim.
Now Eve, my past advice and plans review,
And judge of what I've said and taught to you
Is not sincerely wise, and worthy to pursue.
Thus plausible, and in a friendly air
The Serpent gave instructions to the Fair,
And with her artful words, endeavor'd to ensnare.
Weak arguments to prove a friendship true,
Methinks these might appear to every view;
Yet some amid mankind, like ways and means pursue.
To prove themselves sincere and real friends,
And that inconstancy in honor ends,
And that true liberty to broken vows extend.
Here Eve, once more, (by heavenly wisdom mov'd,)
The vicious Viper, for her words reproved;
And to the Serpent, (now a child of pride)
The graceful Eve, (still innocent) replied:

Serpent, I still revere the laws divine,
The liberty of choice is truly mine;
And if I am by love or fancy, led
To join with man, or with my likeness wed;
The law of liberty I shall fulfill,
And be obedient to my Makers will.
His will, command, injunction and decree,
Is a just law, a law divine and free.
His will, angelic hosts with joy revere;
For Angels and all holy beings are
Free from all evil views, & blest with views sincere:
With bands of love and holiness allied,
They are by freedom and true friendship tied,
Which frees them from the chain of evil views of pride.
Such is the law of liberty and right;
Those who by these celestial views unite,
Will find their lives a scene of pleasure and delight.
This glorious law binds all the choirs in heaven,

And 'tis to us and to all beings given ;
And for our good it is on us enjoin'd.
By this wise law, view all this race inclin'd
To love its own, and seek to wed with its own kind.
View birds with birds unite in bands of love,
And kinds with kinds this law of freedom prove ;
View all their looks, their manners, speech and size,
And judge if such exact or equal ties
Are not the best you can for them invent,
To yield delight and fill them with content.
Such ties for us our Maker has design'd,
This fix't decree he has on us enjoin'd,
That all shall join their own, and wed with their own kind.
When he first form'd this race, he did foresee
How all would join, and past this wise decree ;
That kinds should join their kinds, or with their kinds agree.
In this decree, great wisdom he's display'd,
To his decree be due obedience paid,
Let kinds with their own kinds, in bands of friendship wed.
This wise decree let all this race fulfill,
Let all obey their wise Creator's will.
Let all the kinds thro' all this numerous race,
Join as they choose, and their own kinds embrace ;
Nor with thy counsels seek to sink them in disgrace.
While we obey our Maker's wise command,
No discord can evade this numerous band ;
But lasting joy and happiness complete
Will crown our lives in this delightful state.

She spoke : The Serpent with a fiery glance,
How false the argument which you advance ;
How weak the reasons you advance to prove
Our Maker's law can be fulfill'd by love.
Can love exalt us, or can we fulfill
Our Maker's law, or our Creator's will ;
By proving constant to this joy of love,
(Created in our hearts by powers above ?)

What if the kinds by fancy now allied,
(Or as you say, by heavenly friendship tied,)
Should scorn the joys of love and from their kinds
divide?
Would they not, (Eve,) his fix'd decrees fulfill,
Would they do contra to their Maker's will?
All that takes place our Maker does decree,
If you do wrong, he forms that wrong in thee;
All evil that takes place, he did at first foresee.
If we transgress, or do an evil deed,
That evil was at first by him decreed;
How inconsistent then, it is for you to plead,
That our Creator's will now binds each kind
To wed its own, or that he fills each mind
With views which coincide with what he has en-
join'd.
If you should, Eve, now with the Lion join,
Your wise Creator's will as well as mine
You would fulfill, you then might truly plead
You had perform'd what he at first decreed.

The Serpent, thus, and thus the Fair replied:
Let this thing prove, convince you and decide
That what you've taught or seeking to instill,
Don't coincide with our Creator's will.
What is his will? Does every deed you do
However base, inconstant, or untrue,
All coincide, or with his will agree,
Or with his wise, unalterable decree?
No, surely not, for every evil deed
Does from a vile, corrupt desire proceed;
It springs or flows from pride, & is by pride decreed.
'Tis that infernal power, that spirit, pride,
That blinds thy eyes, and tempts you to divide,
Or separate the kinds now with true love allied.
Our Maker's will, for his decree is wise,
Kinds with their kinds, it joins in friendly ties;
View birds with birds, with his decrees comply,
And kinds with kinds, in friendly bands ally;
View beast with beast, with their own kinds unite,

Fulfilling his decree or law of light:
Behold the fish, his wise decree fulfill,
Join with their kind, with joy obey his will.
Behold the forms of all the different kinds,
Their likeness and their coinciding minds.
View how each kind does with its kind agree
In forms and looks, now I appeal to thee
If this is not his will, design, or fix'd decree,
That every kind shall join with its own kind,
And heed that law he has on us enjoin'd,
And be controul'd by love he placed within their mind?
Seek then no more vile motives to instill;
His laws are his decrees and 'tis his will
That we should keep his laws, and his decrees fulfill.

The Serpent here, (proud, haughty, vile and vain)
Frowns on the Fair, and views her with disdain;
Inspir'd by Satan, or controul'd by pride,
Unto the Fair, (disdainful,) she replied:—
How weak thy arguments, how vain thy plea,
To prove what is thy Maker's fix'd decree;
It shows great want of sense, great weakness sure in thee.
What if there is a coinciding mien,
(Or in their forms) coincidence between
The males and females of the different kinds,
And partial love implanted in their minds?
Say, is our Maker's will in this implied
That those whose form and manners coincide,
Ought to unite and love, and be in wedlock tied?
Weak argument to prove thy Maker's plan:
(Methinks you might your own great weakness scan;)
Has he decreed, or will'd that you shall wed with man,
Merely because your looks and forms agree?
Has your Creator past a fix'd decree
That you shall join with him, or he unite with thee?

Who knows but what your Maker has decreed
That you should join or with the Lion wed ;
And if this is his will, or wise design,
Will you not Eve, obey the will divine,
Discard thy kind, or man, and with the Lion join ?
As none can know, explore, or comprehend
What he's decreed, why will you (Eve.) pretend
That 'tis a law on all this race enjoin'd,
That every beast, and every bird and kind
Shall wed its own, and heed the dictates of their mind ?
If our Creator's will, tends to exalt,
Would you be guilty of a crime, or fault ?
If you should now discard thy promise vows,
And seek to win the Lion for a spouse ;
To join with him (tis evidently true)
Would high exalt you in the public view ;
And be a tie, or union far more wise
Than to unite with man, in equal ties.
'Tis evident and far beyond dispute,
(Though you may seek my statement to confute,)
That in all points, the Lion far exceeds
(In size, in strength, in speech, and noble deeds,)
Thy kind, or Man, who does himself disgrace
By talking with the meanest of this race.

Now Eve, support your dignity, and break
Thy vows to man, and higher honor seek ;
And furthermore, permit me to chastise,
And to instruct and teach you what is wise :—
Now you are (Eve,) esteemed by all the kinds,
Thy character with reputation shines
Thro' all this realm, you now may justly claim
The highest honor and the highest name,
For you are undoubtedly entitled to the same.
Now Eve, if you will my instructions heed
And do as I instruct you to proceed,
Thy future name may far excell thy past,
And spotless as 'tis now, forever last.
Now Eve, I fear 'twill bring on thee disgrace,
If you converse with all this numerous race :

You ought select the noblest of the kinds,
And those who have the noblest views and minds
For your conversants. Let the same consist
Of Beasts and Birds, the noblest and the best,
Such as the Lion, Lamia, Wolf and Deer,
The Tyger, Panther, or the Elk or Bear.
These for companions or conversants choose,
But shun all those of smaller size and views;
Or with the Eagle, Ostrich, Owl or Hawk,
It will not disgrace you to converse or talk.
But to converse, or join in friendly words
With Man, or with the smaller beasts or birds
It will disgrace you;—Therefore Eve, be wise,
Seek honorable associates and ties,
And live esteem'd by all who dwell in Paradise;
For who will Eve, thy deeds or name extol
If you associate or talk with all,
And make no partial difference between
The honorable, and those more base and mean?

Thus spoke the serpent, haughty, vile and proud,
When Eve with wisdom (more sedate) endow'd,
And blest with gifts divine, sedate replies:—
What are more honorable than equal ties;
They are the best that beings can invent
To yield delight, or to afford content,
And are more honorable and far most innocent.
Look round now serpent, all the kinds survey,
What ties can you invent far wiser, (say?)
Than to unite, or join the different kinds
With their own mates, or those whose looks and minds
Agree, or coincide? Such ties as these
Are calculated to delight and please.
What ties can yield the Sparrow more delight
Than to ally, or with her kind unite?
What if the Sparrow with the Hawk were join'd,
(And were persuaded to forsake her kind,
Would it exalt her, say, would she more pleasure find
By being thus connected, than to prove

True to her kind, and be controul'd by love?
The equal tie with which she now is blest
Is far the wisest, innocent and best.
This may be (serpent,) to all kinds applied,
Sufficient proof this statement to decide,
That 'tis far best that every kind should join
In bands of love and friendship with its kind.
Now, if you are a friend as you pretend,
Grant my request and prove yourself a friend.
What I request of thee is no hard task,
Grant all the right of choice, 'tis all I ask.
Leave beasts and birds and all the numerous kinds
Free to enjoy the dictates of their minds.
There's no one needs a guardian to dictate,
Or choose for them a partner, friend or mate.
The smallest bird, is, (I believe) as wise,
And capable of choosing its own ties
As what the nobler are, or those of larger size.
The Sparrow, Humbird, or the Bee or Fly
Knows what will be to them a happy tie,
Better than others can, or either you or I.
How inconsistent would it be in me
To seek with counsels to persuade the Bee
To leave her kind and with the Hawk unite,
With a pretence 'twould yield her more delight?
Just as absurd 'twould be for me to join
With any being higher than my kind.
'Twould not promote my credit, joy or fame,
But sink me in contempt and endless shame.
Cease then, be wise, no more with words entice,
There's no one needs thy counsel or advice;
There's no one needs a guardian to reprove,
Or teach them how to join, or how to love.
They in themselves a wiser guardian find,
That is, the inclinations of their mind.
This is their wisest guardian, law and guide
To teach them how to be in wedlock tied.
Wise is the law wrote by our Maker there,
A law of freedom, and a law sincere,
Given to preserve our joys, and all our joys endear,

And furthermore, your vile and haughty views,
Or vile suggestions that I ought to choose,
Or from the beasts and birds select a few
For my conversants, is an evil view,
And 'tis not wise advice, nor shall I it pursue.
For to converse with any of this race
Will not disgrace me, for 'tis no disgrace.
'Twill not disgrace me to converse with all;
'Tis no disgrace to converse with the small;
It can't disgrace us to employ our words,
Or converse with the smallest beasts and birds;
They are as innocent, as pure and wise
(In all respects,) as those of larger size:—
Therefore, to make a difference between,
Or call the larger pure, the small obscene,
Must show a haughty mind, a mind deprav'd and mean.
If we can't condescend to talk, or speak
Unto the small, when innocent and meek,
Can we expect the fair Angelic choirs,
Who blest with higher views and pure desires
Will come from heaven, that bright celestial sphere
To talk with us, or talk with beings here?
If Angels blest with higher views and love
Can condescend and leave the realms above
To talk with us, and not themselves disgrace,
How can it serpent, sink us or debase,
To converse with the small, or any of this race?
Let this, (vain serpent,) our debates decide,
Let this convince you, love's the wisest guide,
And condescension is more honorable than pride.

Thus spoke the Fair, the serpent fill'd with ire
Vents her resentment like a flame of fire—
As burning Etna with eruption roars,
And from its mouth its melted lava pours,
Which sinks with dreadful horrors down its steep,
And rolls (a burning torrent) to the deep,
Sweeps the fair fields with desolation wide,
And spreads destruction with its fiery tide:—

So the vile serpent, with resentment burns,
And to the Fair, this haughty speech returns :—
Blind fool ! Thy views are sure amazing weak,
Won't it disgrace you to converse or speak
With all this race, or to employ your words
In conversation with the smallest birds,
Or correspond, converse and talk with all
However vile, however mean and small ?
Yes, sure it must, for 'twill disgrace you Eve ;
Therefore be wise, and my advice receive,
And thank me for the wise and good advice I give.
I am, oh Eve, the truest friend you've got,
And must the wise instructions I have taught
Be disobey'd, despis'd, condemn'd and set at nought ?
Though you despise me, I shall still pursue
My kindness, and give wise advice to you ;
And if you after all reject my plan
And wise advice, and will unite with man,
And heed the fickle fancy of thy heart,
Before the wise instructions I impart,
You must, oh Eve, thy fatal loss lament,
(Thy loss of honor, credit and content,)
And must be left to mourn thy fallen state,
And view thy folly when it is too late—
Therefore, oh Eve, I pray you to be wise,
And seek as I desire, for higher ties.
Now Eve, be wise, heed this advice of mine,
Wed not with Man, but with the Lion join ;
For it will Eve, ('tis evidently true,)
Exalt you higher in the public view ;
For he is sure with nobler gifts endow'd,
His form is nobler, and his speech more loud ;
His strength superiour, and his views more bright,
These must I think convince you I am right,
In urging you to break thy late made vows,
And seek to win the Lion for a spouse.
This truth I think you will no more deny,
(That if you should with my advice comply,)
You'd win a nobler name and lasting praise thereby.

This is a truth which no one can gainsay,
Therefore be wise and my advice obey,
And to my past requests, a strict obedience pay.
And furthermore, (to prove what I have said,)
Would it not Eve exalt the Dove to wed,
Or with the Hawk in bands of friendship join,
More than to be connected with her kind?
Would it not raise the Sparrow, to embrace,
Or wed the Owl, (the noblest of the race?)
And would it not exalt the Fox or Hare,
To join in bands of wedlock with the Bear,
Or raise the Dog to join in wedlock with the Deer?
Surely it would; then you must own my plan
Of having you forsake thy love for Man,
(And wed the Lion of a larger size
Is truly honorable and truly wise.)

Thus spoke the serpent with a haughty air,
And gave a base instruction to the fair.
Here reader pause, here meditate and view;
Say, is the friendship here describ'd to you
Entitled to the name of kind, sincere, and true?
Now let the arguments the serpent brought,
The counsels, plans, and views she taught,
Be to our race, or to mankind applied
To show the blindness of the proud, (or pride.)
There are amid mankind, as various minds
As there are beasts, as there are birds, or kinds;
And are, methinks, as different in their views
As beasts and birds, (all have a right to choose;)
All have a love, a fancy of their own,
Which in their hearts is by their Maker sown,
Yet those controul'd by pride, ('tis evident) are prone
To think their own opinion far the best,
And do themselves with unjust rights invest,
To dictate and advise, or to controul the rest,
And like the serpent, labour to deceive,
Or vilely seek to make their friends believe
Fame is the noblest aim—(Hear the reply of Eve:—)
Eve, still controul'd by constancy and love,

And still admir'd by all the choirs above,
Again rejects the serpent's will or plan
To have her break her promis'd ties with Man,
And fill'd with friendly views, she (innocent) began :
Serpent, again I shall thy plan reject,
For I foresee and view the sad effect
That it will have, if I the same pursue,
And prove to heaven and to my heart untrue.
The arguments you bring to demonstrate
That 'twill exalt me to a higher state
To wed the Lion, are, I think absurd !
For how can it exalt the smallest bird
To leave her kind and with an Owl unite ?
If such an union cannot yield delight,
Say, would it not instead of raising her
To higher honor, shame on her confer ?
Instead of raising her to higher joy,
Or higher bliss, it might her bliss destroy,
And crown her life with guilt, her pleasure with annoy.
But grant all thy fancied demonstration true,
That 'twill exalt her in the public view
To wed the Owl, then would it not disgrace
The Owl to wed the smallest of the race ?
If it can raise the smallest bird or fowl
To be allied or wedded with the Owl,
Won't it disgrace the Owl to disregard,
Or leave his kind, to wed the smallest bird ?
'Tis evident it will—this shows thy plans absurd.
This demonstrates, (methinks,) that equal ties
Are most exalting and the only wise.
From this true demonstration, I infer
From my own love it is not best to err,
Or from my kind, or promise vows depart,
But strictly heed the counsels of my heart.
What if the Lion is with strength endow'd,
Or with a tongue that speaks exceeding loud,
And with a large or fair majestic size ;
Say, does it demonstrate it would be wise
For me to join with him in bands or friendly ties ?

Are these the noblest things to recommend,
Or guide in the selection of a friend?
Nothing but friendship ever ought excite,
Or lead two minds or beings to unite
In matrimonial ties; this only yields delight.
True friendship then ought ever be our guide,
Blest are the ones that are in friendship tied
With those whose minds, form and wishes coincide.
Guided by this, I will forever prove
True unto man and constant to my love,
And to the wise decree of our wise friend above.
There's nothing to excite me to comply
With your advice—my present equal tie
Is far the wisest I can e'er acquire,
In point of honor, I can have no higher,
It is the one I choose, no other I desire.
It is what our Creator has decree'd,
So must it be, and I by choice am led
To reverence his decree, and with my likeness wed.
I therefore do thy vile advice detest,
Therefore no longer in thy plans persist,
For I will not ally in wedlock with a beast;
Although he far surpasses man in size,
Or in loud speech, I cannot think it wise
To seek to join with him in bands or friendly ties;
For if I should comply with thy request,
And break the law that's wrote within my breast,
And leave my kind with an intent to gain
Thy proposed ties, my labour might prove vain,
For he perhaps would scorn and treat me with disdain,
And rather choose with his own kind to wed,
Than join with one who had her friend betray'd;
I then should be derided by this race,
The birds through air would publish my disgrace;
The numerous beasts would speak of my defeat,
And my inconstancy with sneers repeat;
All would declare that my disgrace was just,
Curst for my crime and for my folly curst;

I should be left to mourn my fallen state
And weep for follies when it was too late ;—
Therefore ('tis evident,) 'tis best to prove
True unto man and constant to my love,
And to the wise decrees of the wise power above.
'This is the wisest measure to pursue,
This will most raise me in the public view,
This will exalt me to the highest state
Of happiness, and make my joys complete.
Unto no higher honor can I rise,
Than to be join'd with man in friendly ties ;
'This is the highest tie I can acquire,
'Tis honorable, I cannot win a higher ;
'Tis what my Maker has for me design'd,
'Tis his decree, and I am now inclin'd
To reverence his wise will, and wed with my own kind.
Then Serpent cease, tempt me no more to break
His friendly law, or equal ties forsake.
If you are friendly, grant me my request,
Grant this just right to me, and to the rest ;
Leave all creation free to join as they think best.
Leave birds and beasts, free to unite and join
Just as they choose ; this is a right divine.
This is a freedom to all beings given,
Or 'tis a right bestow'd on all by heaven :
This law of love is wrote in every mind,
View all this race, each beast and bird inclin'd
To join in bands of love and friendship with its kind.
View all the kinds—how equally allied
With looks, with forms, and views that coincide ;
This partial love and fair coincidence
Is, (I should think,) sufficient to convince
Or demonstrate to you, that 'tis decreed
By our Creator, kinds with kinds shall wed
And be by their own hearts or inclinations led.
Therefore, 'tis best to join in equal ties,
(Nor vainly think above our kind to rise,)
Such ties are honorable—such only can be wise.

No other ties but such can yield content,
They are the wisest beings can invent.
For such are honorable, and such are innocent.

She spoke, the Serpent in an angry tone,
Will you still Eve, my noble views disown,
And be controul'd, and rul'd, or govern'd by thy own?
You ought consider (Eve,) I know the best
What will exalt you and exalt the rest;
For as I am the oldest of this race,
I have, I think, the greatest skill to trace
What unions will exalt, or sink you in disgrace.
Now Eve, 'tis certain, that my proposed plan
Of having you forsake your ties with man
And wed the Lion, is (as I believe)
Well calculated to exalt you Eve;
For this so plain, (it cannot be denied)
The Lion is far better qualified
To gain a livelihood, and for thy wants provide
Than what man is; for you must allow
That he is stronger, and knows better how
To trace the fields, the groves and fragrant wood,
And to provide for the delicious food.
Now can you be so blind as to discard,
Or my pathetic counsels disregard;
And scorn my good advice, and tell me I have err'd?
This is so plain, so reasonable and wise,
It does, oh Eve, now fill me with surprise
That you won't reverence them, or do as I advise:
You ought to seek for honor, power and fame,
And to obtain a reputable name
Before your happiness—this ought to be your aim.
Wealth, power and honor, ought to be our guide,
To teach us how to be in wedlock tied,
Rather than love, esteem, or views that coincide;
These are the noblest motives to excite,
To influence, or to lead us to unite
Before a fancy, love, or views that yield delight.
We ought to conquer fancy in the soul,
And let our reason, and our interest rule,
Nor in a choice of ties, let love our minds controul.

You ought not let the feelings of your breast
O'ercome your reason, sense or interest;
Nor let your fancy sink you in disgrace,
Or join you with the meanest of this race.
Now Eve be wise, don't be controul'd by love,
Or by the laws enjoin'd by powers above,
But heed my counsels, and my words revere,
For they are wise, pathetic and sincere.
Preserve your reputation, and forbear
To converse with the smallest birds of air;
But for companions, choose the largest birds,
And largest beasts; with them in friendly words
Join in enterperlance, this I conceive
Will best preserve your reputation Eve.

Thus spoke the Serpent, haughty vain and proud,
When Eve more wise, (with nobler views endow'd,)
Replies sedately—will you still persist
In your attempt to join me with the beast,
Or make me think 'twill sink me in disgrace
To converse with the smallest of this race?
How weak the arguments that you have brought
To demonstrate, or prove what you have taught;
To be sincere, pathetic and condign,
Or coinciding with decrees divine.
Serpent, can it disgrace us more, to talk
Or converse with the Sparrow, than the Hawk?
Or with the Humbird, (least of all the fowls,)
Than to converse with Eagles, Geese or Owls?
I can't conceive can hurt us in the least
To converse with the smallest bird or beast;
They are as pure, as innocent, and wise
(In my opinion,) as the larger size,
And are as capable of choosing their own ties.
Then where's the crime or where is the disgrace,
In talking with the smallest of this race?
'Tis no disgrace to converse with the small,
Or to converse or correspond with all.
The smallest beast and bird has the same claim
Unto our notice, as the one's you name.

And it can bring no more disgrace on me
To talk with them, than to converse with thee !

HERE the vile Viper, rising in a rage
(Breaks in)—will you pay no respect to age,
And thus abuse me with insulting words,
And tell me I'm no better than the birds ?
When I'm the oldest of this numerous race,
I am entitled to the highest place,
And am, (I think,) with greater wisdom blest,
And consequently better than the rest.
Now will you Eve, insult me, and declare
I am no better than the fowls of air ?
Or better than the beasts or fish that swim
Beneath the glassy surface of the stream,
That 'tis no more disgrace to correspond with them,
Than to converse with me, (with sense endow'd,)
The oldest, wisest, in this fair abode ?
If you continue Eve to disregard
My wise advice and all my plans discard,
And to insult me thus, and tell me I have err'd ?
And all my kind and wise advice reject,
I shall, (oh Eve,) as you may well expect,
Treat you with great contempt, and treat you with neglect ;
Therefore, continue (Eve,) if you think best,
Or tell me I'm no better than the rest,
And scorn my good advice, and all that I request.
Continue to oppose (as you've begun)
My wise advice unto the setting Sun—
Go, and unite with Man, thy kind embrace,
Involve thyself in sorrow and disgrace,
And bring disgrace on me, and all this numerous race.

ENRAGED she spoke, when Eve unmov'd replies,
I should not scorn your plans, if they were wise ;
But as they spring from pride, I shall refuse
To be controul'd or governed by thy views,
I have undoubted right for my own self to choose.

What if you are the oldest, it don't prove
That you are wiser than the power above?
Or know who are most fit, to join in bands of love.
It shows great blindness, arrogance of mind,
And not a friendship real, true or kind
To wish to overthrow, or change what heaven has
design'd?
'Tis evident our Maker has decreed
That every kind with their own kind shall wed,
And be allied by love, or by affection led.
To accomplish this, he unto all imparts
A partial love, and plac'd it in their hearts;
A law or monitor to be their guide,
To teach them how to be in friendship tied,
And with their looks and forms behold it coincide.
What then but love, (that law within their minds)
Ought to induce, or tempt the numerous kinds
To join in friendly ties, this I believe
Is the best counsellor that they can have.
What right have you then to usurp the right
To rule the rest, or seek to disunite
The different kinds, or join them as you please,
And break thy Maker's laws or wise decrees?
No one needs your advice; the smallest beast
Does I believe, know infinitely best
How to select a mate, and smallest bird
Knows better far what union will afford
Herself delight, and animates her soul
With happiness, than you do, or the Owl.
Each for its kind retains a partial love,
And are connected by the Power above;
And 'tis our Maker's will that all shall constant prove.
True to that love, implanted in their minds,
And join in bands of friendship with their kinds;
And 'tis the height of wisdom, to fulfill
This law of love, or heaven's decree or will.
No wiser motive can we here pursue,
Than that of friendship, 'tis the noblest view;
It is the highest bliss, the noblest aim,
There is no higher honor, joy or fame,

Than to prove true and constant to our love,
And pay a strict obedience, and to prove
True to our Maker's law, or precepts from above.
What nobler motive can controul the birds,
Than love or friendship, this to them affords
The highest joys, for they cannot aspire,
Or feel a view, a motive, or desire,
That can exalt them more, or can promote them higher.
What can exalt the birds to higher bliss
Than love or friendship ; their first joys from this
('Tis evidently) flow : And heavenly choirs,
No less are govern'd by those pure desires.
Their highest joys from love and friendship spring;
Truth forms the cord, and love cements the ring.
Then shall I now my promis'd love forsake,
Discard my kind, and my late promise break,
And prove to man and to my heart untrue,
And do what Angels would despise to do,
Or wed another kind, and thy advice pursue ?
Oh may the heavenly powers and hosts Sublime,
Guard me and keep me from so base a crime,
And be my guardian, guide, and counsellor thro' time.

She spoke : The Serpent, still by malice led,
And mov'd by pride frown'd on the Fair and said ;
Are you determin'd still with your own kind to wed ?
Are you determin'd still to scorn my plan
And good advice, and to unite with man ?
As I'm the first and oldest, I conceive
That 'tis my duty to instruct you Eve ?
And to instruct you in what wedded ties
You ought unite, and teach you what is wise.
For this is certain, that I know the best
What will exalt you, or exalt the rest.
For as I am the oldest, and the first
In Paradise, 'tis true, I know the most ;
And all this numerous race, ought in my counsels trust.

And 'tis I think, my duty to display
Advice to you, your duty to obey—
Therefore I hope, you'l for the future heed
My counsels, and be by your duty led,
And not against my will, with man in friendship wed.
Come Eve, be wise, and my advice embrace,
From thy own heart thy present love efface ;
Wed with the Lion, Eve, the noblest of our race.
But if you cannot fancy him, be wise,
And above man and thy own fancy rise,
And seek some higher bands, or more exalting ties.
Perhaps some being whom we've never seen,
Endow'd with a polite and noble mien,
Robust, majestic, opulent and great,
A King or ruler of some distant state,
Or Prince or Angel, noble and sincere,
Will leave his native realm or native sphere
To visit us. Now if you should discard
Thy vows to man, thy fancy or regard,
And be controul'd by me, you may, oh Eve,
A Prince or Angel for a spouse receive,
And in some distant region, high exalted live.
Then how much wiser 'tis for you to heed
My counsels, than to be by fancy led.
Then Eve forbear, nor more attempt to prove
(What you assert,) that friendship built on love
Is far the noblest object to pursue,
Or that it is the noblest, highest view.
What if the Angels are by friendship tied,
Or are by bands of love, and truth allied,
And all their views, and minds, or motives coincide ?
It does not prove that 'tis our noblest aim
To be controul'd by love, or copy them.
We were not form'd to copy heavenly choirs,
Or to embrace such motives or desires
As they embrace—but we were (Eve,) design'd
To cherish motives of a different kind.
We were design'd by the wise power above,
For a far nobler purpose than to prove
True to all promises, or to be ruled by love.

For friendship built of love, is a mean aim,
Compar'd to friendship, built on wealth and fame,
The latter high exalts, the former leads to shame.
For what is more disgraceful in the eyes.
Of noble beings, than what you devise,
Or friendship built on love, or mean or equal ties?
And what's more nobler, than (by power or art)
To conquer love, or fancy in our heart;
And be by fame, and love of honor led,
And for the sake of power or riches wed?
This ought to be, oh Eve, our highest aim,
For what can more exalt us, (Eve,) than fame?
Fame is the noblest object to pursue;
It is the noblest and the highest view;
It is far nobler Eve, than those describ'd by you.
We were created by the power above
To seek for fame, and not to yield to love.
And real friendship, noble and sedate,
Dwells only with the opulent and great.
Now can you Eve, be govern'd, rul'd and led
By love or fancy, (motives which degrade?)
And now reject the noble views I've taught,
(Views which by nature tend but to promote,)
And all your life to love or holiness devote?
Or think our Maker does in all infuse
Angelic motives and Angelic views?
Or that he does in every heart inspire
Angelic motives or a like desire?
And that it is requir'd of us to prove
True to our heart, or be controul'd by love?
If this is thy belief, it is absurd;
No one are bound by heaven, (no beast or bird)
To be controul'd by love, or govern'd by regard.
And 'tis as much the duty of this race,
Or for each kind to wed or to embrace
A different kind, as to embrace its own,
For heaven's designs are unto us unknown.
If every kind are bound by a decree
To join with their own kind, they are not free,

But rather slaves. Then how absurd to plead
That all are free, and yet it is decreed
That kinds shall with their kinds in bands of friendship wed.

The serpent thus, her blinded views exprest,
When Eve more wise, with nobler motives blest,
Unto the serpent, (self conceited wise,)
Returns this answer, (and sedate replies :—)
Is it, oh serpent, your intention still
To break your Maker's wise decree or will,
And the decrees of pride, (by breaking them) fulfill?
Or seek to prove our Maker's wise decree,
Gives all the kinds a right, or leaves them free
To wed with other kinds and to divide,
And be controul'd by evil views or pride?
This is our Maker's will, that we shall heed
His laws, and be by holy motives led;
That we shall break his laws he never has decreed.
'Tis not his will that we shall e'er pursue
Unholy motives, or an evil view,
Or prove inconstant, false, treacherous or untrue.
But 'tis his will that we shall persevere
In holiness, and his commands revere,
And to our love or hearts, prove constant and sincere.
And 'tis his will that kinds, shall now join
In bands of love and friendship with their kind,
And be controul'd by love, he's plac'd within their mind.
'Twas for that end he form'd the kinds at first,
And then decreed, (and his decree was just,)
That all shall wed their kinds and in his friendship trust.
And he has power to accomplish his design,
And all the kinds with their own kinds to join.
Though you may seek and use your utmost art,
His wise decree and purpose to invert,
He will, (I trust,) defeat you in your aim,
And will reward you with disgrace and shame.

Go serpent, now and use your utmost skill,
And tempt the kinds to break their Maker's will,
And the decrees of pride, or your decrees fulfill.
Go, and thy counsels round this garden spread,
Induce the Tyger with the Bear to wed.
Go make the Wolf his present ties forego,
Join him in love and friendship with the Doe.
In bands of love the Swan and Eagle join,
Unite the Horse in wedlock with the Swine.
Go make the Fox his (female) mate forsake,
And with the Hare his wedded joys partake,
And make the Bitch unite in wedlock with the Drake.
Go and unite the Leopard with the Moose,
Unite the Rook in wedlock with the Goose.
Go and unite the Vulture with the Gull,
Unite the Mare in friendship with the Bull.
Go join the Rat in wedlock with the Wren,
And make the Weasel love and wed the Hen.
Go make the Dog admire the Duck and Link,
In bands of love the Muskrat with the Mink.
Go join the Cat in friendship with the Kite,
In bands of love the Quail and Snipe unite.
Go and unite the Turtle with the Trout,
Unite the Perch in wedlock with the Pout.
Go make the Otter his own kind discard,
And for the Beaver feel a kind regard,
Or partial love. And make the Porpoise feel
A partial love or fancy for the Seal,
And make the Pike admire and seek to wed the Eel.
And make the Hawk admire and wed the Dove ;—
Place in the hearts of all a partial love,
Or a desire to break what heaven has design'd,
Or to unite or wed a different kind.
Go serpent, and thy utmost power exert
To change the inclinations of their heart.
And with thy counsels seek to rule this race,
And from their hearts their present love efface.
Make all forsake their own and other kinds embrace.
If you can thus unite the numerous kinds,
And drive the present motives from their minds,
You have the power I own, to alter heaven's designs.

But to effect this far exceeds thy skill,
You cannot serpent, in this race instill
A love or fancy, or excite one mind
To hate its own and love another kind,
And change what our Creator at the first design'd.
Yet you can breed contention with thy words,
And wound the feelings of the beasts and birds—
And all their bliss destroy by arts and lies.
Yet you can't disannul their present ties,
Or alter heaven's decrees which are divinely wise.
Cease then, be wise, let wisdom be your guide,
Be rul'd by wisdom, not controul'd by pride.
Leave all this numerous race entirely free
To wed their kinds, for this is heaven's decree;
Nor seek with thy advice, to make them disagree.
For what is more infernal, base or mean,
Or more despisable, or more obscene
Than 'tis to seek by intrigue, art or lies,
To seperate the kinds from equal ties—
And make them differ, quarrel or contend,
Or seek to make one differ with his friend.
This is infernal friendship, and 'tis true
The meanest motive beings can pursue—
'Tis an infernal deed, 'tis an infernal view.
What beast or bird retaineth a desire,
Or wish, to have you meddle or enquire
Into the secret intents of their soul,
With an intent to dictate or controul?
Or teach them how to love or to be join'd,
Or to controul, to dictate or change their mind,
Or counsel them to leave, or to forsake their kind?
There is not one (I trust,) of all the kinds
Desireth you to meddle with their minds—
Or needeth your advice to make them wise.
No, not the smallest beings, (Ants or Flies)
Need one to teach them how to join in friendly ties.
The little Ant, the yellow Wasp and Bee
Are full as wise, (or wise in a degree)
As you are (serpent.) Then must they be taught
by thee,

And be dictated, govern'd, rul'd and led
By your advice, and join, unite or wed
As you decree, and slight the law of love,
(Or happiness,) enjoin'd by powers above?

Thus Eve, the Serpent high incens'd replies:
Am I no wiser than the Ants or Flies,
And have I not a right to meddle with their ties?
I have, ('tis true,) undoubted right to rule
This numerous race and every kind controul,
And change the present views, and motives of their soul.
And no one ought dispute my sovereign right
To rule the kinds, to teach them and unite;
For I know best what ties will yield them most delight.
And no one shall, (if I can it prevent,)
Join with their kind without my free consent.
For as I am the oldest, I conceive
That 'tis requir'd, and 'tis their duty, (Eve,)
(Before they wed or join,) to ask and gain my leave.
And if the kinds will not embrace my views,
And all my wise advice, and words refuse,
And wed as I think best, and their own comforts choose,
I shall, (oh Eve,) compel them to revere
My wise commands, and force them to adhere
Unto their duty, if it does destroy
Their minds, contentment, happiness, or joy.
For every one are bound by duty, (Eve,)
To mind the old, and their advice receive;
And join in bands and matrimonial ties
As they think best, and do as they advise,
And I am (Eve,) the first, the oldest, and most wise.
This demonstrates it is requir'd of all,
Beasts, birds and Man, the large, old, young and small
To ask advice, and my advice approve,
And join as I advise, in ties of love;
For this is Eve no doubt, the will of powers above.

Then how absurd it is for thee to plead,
That our Creator at the first decreed
That those whose forms and motives coincide,
Shall be in bands of matrimony tied,
Or that it is decreed that those shall be allied?
It is I think, our Maker's wise decree
That you shall yield, and ask advice of me;
And with the Lion join in friendly ties,
(And break your present vows) for this is wise;
For it is certain such a tie as this
Will raise you higher, and to higher bliss,
And yield you more delight, more joys and happiness
Than to unite with man, and wed thy kind.
But fancy, (Eve,) it seems has made you blind
To your own happiness, with darkness cloth'd thy mind.
Now 'tis my real duty, I conceive
To teach you wisdom, and instruct you Eve,
And be to thee a guardian, friend, and guide,
To teach you how to be in wedlock tied;
And thy vain fancy from thy breast dispel,
And nobler motives in thy heart instill;
And drive all vain emotions from thy heart,
And nobler motives unto thee impart.
Such is the friendship I retain for you,
And 'tis a friendship, kind, sedate, and true,
And 'twill exalt you (Eve,) if you the same pursue.
For all I wish, or seek for, or desire,
Is to exalt you and promote you higher,
And make you, (if I can,) some nobler kind admire.
And disregard thy vows and promise made,
And be by reason and by wisdom led,
And with some nobler kind in bands of friendship wed.
And a like kindness, friendship and regard
I feel for all; each insect, beast and bird.
My future life for their best good I'll spend,
And with my counsels every one befriend,

The Serpent thus, (an Imp or child of pride,)
Exprest her mind—The graceful Eve replied :—
Oh what surprising love and friendship this,
By nature tending to destroy the bliss,
And not to raise our race to higher happiness—
Is this true friendship, is it true regard
To domineer o'er every beast and bird?
And with your counsels, subtlety and art,
Seek to destroy, change, efface, or invert
That image, or that love, implanted in each heart?
No, 'tis infernal friendship, to employ
Thy life, or seek by counsels to destroy
The present bliss or love, this numerous race enjoy.
And seek with counsels to controul their minds,
And to persuade them to forsake their kinds,
And to attempt to teach them what is wise,
Or what are noble or exalting ties;
For Serpent, you know not where real wisdom lies.
Our wise Creator has bestow'd on all,
(Beasts, birds, and Man, the old, young, large and small,)
Sufficient wisdom, reason, sense and light
To govern them, and guide them in the right;
So as to need no guardian or a guide
To teach them how to be in wedlock tied.
He's plac'd a guide, or guardian in each breast,
Which is the wisest monitor, and best
That we can ever feel, or beings e'er possess.
The seeds of bliss in every heart he's sown,
Each knows the best what will promote their own
Delight or bliss—They know the best what ties
Will yield them most delight, (and what is wise.)
The little Ant, the Conie and the Bee,
In true or real wisdom, equal thee.
The smallest Fish, and smallest Bird and Beast,
Are with sufficient sense and wisdom blest
To guide themselves, nor do they stand in need
Of your advice to teach them how to wed.
There's no one needs your counsels or reproof,
They cannot yield them pleasure or reproof—

You cannot make additions to their bliss,
They're happy now—and perfect happiness
All now enjoy—and their chief pleasure lies
In their now equal, and now friendly ties,
And to prove constant then is to be truly wise.
Yes, 'tis the highest wisdom, to prove true
Unto our love, (this is the wisest view,)
And disregard and shun those counsels taught by you.
Heaven has on all one general right bestow'd,
There is not one in all this vast abode
Bound by a duty, to adhere to thee—
But all have equal rights and all are free.
Not one are bound to reverence thy decrees,
No, not the Ants, the Conies, Flies or Bees,
But all have right to join in wedlock as they please.
Nor are the youngest of the Beasts or Birds,
Bound by a duty to obey thy words;
If all are by their love or fancy led,
Each one will with their kind in friendship wed,
Which coincides, or is what heaven at first decreed.
If each one act the dictates of their mind,
They'll join in bands of wedlock with their kind,
And by it will fulfill, what heaven at first design'd.
Hence, 'tis the most infernal basest crime
You can commit, (it cannot be sublime)
To seek by art or counsels to divide
Those hearts whom heaven has with regard allied,
Or those whose motives, views and wishes coincide.
Then Serpent cease, from thy designs forbear,
Tempt not one fish, or beast, or bird of air
To leave their love, or to forsake their kinds,
Or leave the inclinations of their minds,
Or break their Maker's will, or wise and just designs.
Then leave each kind to their own fancy free,
This is a duty heaven requires of thee—
Not seek by thy advice to make friends disagree.
No longer seek or labour to infuse
Infernal motives, or infernal views

Within this race—Or tempt the kinds to prove
False to their kinds, or leave this gift of love
Implanted in their hearts by the wise power above.

As from a cloud in a tempestuous shower,
Quick light'nings dart, and dreadful thunders roar,
And rush around the fields with unresistless power.
So from the Serpent's heart, and deprav'd soul,
(At this reply,) tides of resentment roll.
She pours on Eve her rage, and thus, (inflam'd—)
Am I so criminal, must I be blam'd
For giving you instructions, truly wise,
Or tempting you to seek for higher ties?
It is surprising Eve, you are so blind
As to desire to wed with thy own kind.
Is there not one in all this numerous realm,
Fit for a mate or equal unto him?
Is he the only one that's worthy your esteem?
Is there no beast, of noble form and size,
Majestic, strong, robust, sedate and wise
(In all this world,) that you can fancy, (Eve,)
Or wish to wed, or for a spouse receive?
Or one that you can with, in bands of wedlock live?
There's many (Eve,) I think more nobler than
Thy kind, or thy intended partner, (Man.)
The Lion, Tyger, Lamia, Wolf and Bear,
The Camel, Horse, and Buffaloe, (sure) are
Nobler than Man, then it is certain, true,
That 'twill be wisdom or be wise in you
To leave thy kind, and wed in friendly ties
With one of them. Now will you still despise
My counsels, and declare they are not kind or wise.
Now if you will one of these beasts admire,
And wed with him, it will exalt you higher.
To higher honor 'twill exalt you Eve,
And higher fame and power you will receive,
Honored by all this race, you then in ease may live.
Now Eve be wise, your vows to man discard;
Don't be controul'd by fancy or regard;

But be by wisdom and by reason led,
And for the sake of power and honor wed—
For honor Eve, you ought forever prize
Above your happiness, therefore be wise
And seek for honorable, and high exalting ties—
For honor Eve, we ought esteem above
Our happiness, our fancy or our love,
Therefore it is no crime, for any one to prove
False in their love, or break their solemn vows,
When they thereby can win a nobler spouse.
Therefore, I think 'twill be no crime in you
To break thy vows to man, or prove untrue,
When you thereby can win a nobler mate,
And be exalted to a higher state
Of honor, fame, and be united with the great.
Now all the good advice I've to thee given,
Is sure as wise as that enjoin'd by Heaven;
For if you heed it, 'twill exalt you Eve
To higher honor, then you will believe,
That all my counsels (which you now despise,)
And all I've done to break thy present ties
Is friendly, then you'll see, that what I've taught is wise.
You then will see my friendship is sincere,
And that 'tis kindness, love, and tender care
That has induc'd me now to speak or interfere
In thy connection. Then all I have said,
You'll find was out of friendly views display'd.
Now if you will comply with my advice,
You may obtain the first in Paradise
For a companion—Then be wise, and break
Thy vows to Man, and for true honor seek.
You'll soon forget the present love you feel,
The truth we can from all this world conceal,
We'll make this race believe, (if Man does e'er reveal
The truth,) that he is false, and turn the same
To his own hurt, to his disgrace and shame,

Now if you'll Eve comply with my wise plan,
If it disgraces you, with ease we can
By arts, and words, and lies, turn the disgrace on
Man.
We can with ease make all the world believe
That Man is criminal—and free you Eve
From all disgrace. Now can you Eve discard
My wise advice, and still thy vows regard,
And still be rul'd by fancy, or by love,
And true to Man, and to thy promise prove?
Or can you Eve my wise advice despise,
And tell me I'm not friendly, true, or wise?

The Serpent thus, unto the Fair display'd
Her friendship, and regard. So some old maid
Controul'd by pride, or govern'd, rul'd or led
By malice, teaches others how to wed;
And clothe's her treach'ry with a fair pretence
Of love, and friendship, and benevolence.
Instructs a younger sister how to prove
False to her vows, or promises in love.
Angelic Eve, this vile instruction heard
With deep regret—But still the Fair rever'd
Her promise of fidelity to Man,
And disapproves of the vile Vipers plan,
And to the Serpent, pensively replies:—
Tempt me no more to leave my present ties;
Your counsels are absurd, they are not kind or wise.
No counsels, can be friendly, wise or, true,
Unless 'tis wise, or wisdom to pursue
The counsel that is given—hence, those enioin'd by
you
Ought not be deem'd true, real, wise, or kind,
But rather false, infernal, base and blind;
For they tend to destroy my credit, peace and mind.
For if I now pursue what you advise,
And break my vows, and seek for other ties
It will disgrace me in the eyes of all,
Nor can I e'er my innocence recall.
Shame and disgrace will certainly attend,

I can't escape, if I betray my friend.
Now can you Serpent, wish me to betray
My vows to man, and to my promise pay
No reverence, or regard, and now disown
This truth ? (a thing to all Creation known—)
That I have promis'd Man forever to prove
True unto him, and constant in my love.
Now can the one who wishes me to break
My promises, and my own vows forsake,
Be a true friend to me ? no, surely not ;
For sure she is, (and ought be deem'd and thought)
The vilest of my friends, and the worst foe I've got.
'Tis not true friendship to advise a friend
To break their vows, prove false, or circumvend.
A real friend will ne'er a friend advise
To break a promise, or their love despise,
Or to conceal the truth, by intrigue, art or lies ;
But will to friends, this wise instruction give,
Obey the laws of Heaven, prove true, (and live)
True to your hearts and promises in love,
And true to all the vast creation prove.
Therefore, if you would wise advice display,
Give this ! (the dictates of your heart obey ;)
Give this advice unto the numerous kinds,
(Prove true, and act the dictates of your minds.)
No other guide, or counsels do they need,
To teach them how in friendly ties to wed;
This, (though 'tis needless,) would be wise advice.
No other counsel, precept, or device
Can be sincere or friendly to display,
Or wise in me, to reverence or obey.
No other counsel can be wise or true,
Or wise in me or any to pursue.
This is the only counsel that is wise,
To guide this race how to select their ties ;
Hence those display'd by you all beings ought despise.
The counsels or the motives you have taught,
Ought be despis'd by all, and set at naught.
Your friendship as infernal ought be view'd,

And by no being that exists pursued.
Your counsels ought be by all minds despis'd,
And all the plans and precepts you've devis'd.

Thus spoke the Fair, by heavenly wisdom blest,
And thus her mind, the constant Eve exprest.
The Serpent high enrag'd, (for truth inflames the breast;
That wears the image of the infernal power,
Or spirit pride, that seeketh to devour.)
With anger burns, and high enrag'd replies—
Will you still Eve, call my advice unwise,
And still obey the dictates of your heart,
Before the wise instructions I impart,
And call my friendship (which is true and kind,
Infernal, false, or tell me I am blind,
When the advice I've given is for your good design'd?
I am, 'tis true, with greater knowledge blest
Than what you are, or any of the rest,
And consequently know what's wisest and what's best.
I am the oldest, tallest of our race,
I have the greatest skill and power to trace,
What unions will exalt or sink you in disgrace.
Now ought I be dictated by the young,
And now receive instructions from your tongue,
And ask advice of you, or what is right or wrong?
Must I now come and ask advice of you,
And own your counsels and instructions true,
When I am oldest and was form'd the first?
To heed your words, 'tis not requir'd or just;
But 'tis requir'd, and 'tis your duty Eve,
To ask of me, and my advice receive—
Nor have you any right to wed without my leave.
For I know best what ties will yield you bliss,
And be promotive of your happiness.
Now if you wish for happiness, obey
The wise advice and counsels I display,
Nor think for happiness in any other way.

Now Eve be wise, be by my counsels led,
As I instruct you, so unite and wed,
Nor be by your own mind or love or fancy led.
If you'll obey my wise instructions now,
And disregard thy heedless solemn vow
You made to Man, and my instructions mind,
I can exalt you high above your kind—
Some noble partner I'll select for you,
That will exalt you in the public view;
Thus will I prove my friendship kind, sedate and true.
You then will see my friendship is sincere,
And my past counsels will to you appear
Like trees of wisdom yielding golden fruit,
(The wisest aim or object of pursuit.)
Your future joy and happiness's at stake,
To be decided by the choice you make.
If you obey the dictates of your mind,
And join in bands of wedlock with your kind,
Disgrace and shame must be your certain lot—
But if you heed the counsels I have taught,
And break thy vows and thy own kind discard,
Honor and glory will be thy reward.
Now take thy choice, one of these two embrace,
Honor and bliss or shame and just disgrace.

The serpent thus, and thus the Fair replied:—
I choose my love or fancy for my guide;
The dictates of my heart I'll still obey,
And to my vows a strict obedience pay;
Grant me my choice, no more my peace molest,
That law of love implanted in my breast
I'll keep, and shun the counsels you impart,
And take advice and counsel from my heart.
My heart's the wisest counsellor I have,
Wise is the counsel that the heart doth give,
It tells me this. To prove sincere and true
Unto my vows, is far the wisest view
That I can entertain, or that I can pursue.
What then, shall I this law within discard,
This law of love, of friendship, and regard,

And be controul'd by counsels vile and base,
Which tend to sink me into deep disgrace?
If I should serpent now adhere to thee,
What noble partner can you find for me
In this abode of honor and respect,
That would not scorn me and my heart reject?
Who can desire to win me for a spouse,
When I've betray'd my friend and broke my vows?
Can any beast or Angel wish to wed
With me, or one that has her vows betray'd?
Who can desire to be in wedlock join'd
With a deceitful or coquettish mind?
Or wed with one who'd broke a promise given,
Betray'd a friend, and broke the laws of heaven?
There is no beast in this delightful state,
That will desire to win me for a mate;
When I have broke my solemn promise made,
And have my friend and vows to Man betray'd.
Then is it wisdom to embrace thy plan
And break my solemn promise made to Man?
No, surely not, your counsels I despise,
They are infernal, treacherous and unwise;
Unto my vows I'll strict obedience pay,
I will the dictates of my heart obey.
I'm not by duty bound to heed thy words,
Nor are the insects, fishes, beasts or birds,
Bound by a duty, or requir'd to heed
Your words, or as you say unite or wed.
Nor does your age entitle you to bear
O'er beasts, o'er insects, or the fowls of air
A sovereign power, or a tyrannic sway,
Not one are bound by duty to obey
Thy counsels or commands, or motives you display.
If you would prove unto this race a friend,
Here let thy counsel and instructions end;
Let every one for bliss and happiness depend
Upon the love implanted in their hearts,
Which their Creator unto them imparts;
This yields delight, this is a golden fruit,
(The wisest aim and object of pursuit.)

This golden fruit, or the delights of love,
Blooms in the bright celestial realms above.
The fruits of love are infinite and vast,
Sweet to the mind, delicious to the taste ;
Blest are the minds that feed, or on its fruits repast.

She spoke, the serpent high enrag'd replies—
Will you still Eve, continue to despise
All my instructions, and declare my plan
Of having you break thy late vows to Man
Unfriendly, or infernal, and declare
I have no right to teach the birds of air
How to connect, or hold a power supreme
O'er Man, o'er beasts, or fishes of the stream,
Or dictate any one in this extensive realm ?
Oh how amazing blind ! Can I display
My love to them in any other way ?
Is it a deed unfriendly, to advise
Beasts, birds or you, or teach you what is wise,
Or to persuade you now to leave thy present ties,
And seek for higher love, and higher state
Of bliss, and make you seek a nobler mate,
That will exalt your name and make your joys complete ?
Is it unfriendly to advise you now
To leave thy love for Man, and promis'd vow,
And seek a nobler partner, and admire
To wed some beast that will exalt you higher ?
Such are my views, now can you deem them (Eve)
Unkind, unfriendly, and without my leave
Unite with man, and wed against my will,
And still reject the wisdom I reveal ?

The Serpent thus, (by Satan render'd blind
To real friendship,) thinks her counsels kind,
When selfish were her views, (for pride controul'd her mind.)
Here Eve again with heavenly gifts adorn'd,
Rejects her friendship, and sedate return'd
This wise reply :—The wisdom you display

Is false, for 'tis not wisdom to obey
Your counsels or instruction ; but 'tis wise
To scorn them, and unite in friendly ties
With my own kind ; for our Creator's will
Is wiser than the counsels you reveal.
His will I'll now obey, then leave me free
To stand a pattern of fidelity.
Our Maker's will, (if rightly understood)
Is this, our happiness and general good.
To make us happy is his greatest aim,
He bid us shun the paths that leads to shame.
He knows what motives will promote our bliss,
And knows what will destroy our happiness.
And to preserve us from a dreadful fate,
And to exalt us to a glorious state,
He gave us laws divine, true, friendly and sedate.
His law if kept, will crown our lives with joy ;
If broke, it will our happiness destroy,
And fill our hearts with guilt. Then shall we heed
His will, and keep his law, (as he's decreed,)
Or follow your instructions, when they stand
Oppos'd (by nature) to his wise command ?
I can't our wise Creator's will pursue,
If I obey the counsels taught by you,
For 'tis his will that all shall prove sincere and true.
Then if I heed the counsels you've enjoin'd,
And break the law that's wrote within my mind,
I shall transgress, or break my Maker's will,
Or wise decree, and your decree fulfill.
Then in whose counsels ought I to confide,
Or which ought be my monitor or guide,
My Maker's wise decree, or your's which springs
from pride ?
Which ought I heed ? The counsels you've exprest,
Or my own heart, or dictates of my breast ?
If I discard the counsels of my heart,
And follow the instructions you impart,
Those glorious views which now pervade my soul
With sweet delight, and cause my thoughts to roll

In sweet delirium ; will transform, or turn
To guilt and woe, that will forever burn
Within my breast, like a devouring flame
Of never ending fire, and never ending shame—
Nor could I e'er my fatal lot evade,
Heaven's justice in my fall would be display'd.
Bound down with guilt and chains of burning thought,
I then must live to mourn my fatal lot,
Whereby inconstancy, I on myself had brought.
And like the Angels, who from glory fell,
And did from their first state or love rebel,
Leave a delightful state, and win a burning hell.
But if I heed the dictates of my mind,
Prove true to heaven my vows, and wed my kind,
I shall not only shun the wretched fate,
But shall be crown'd with a delightful state
Of happiness, and live forever here
In this delightful and celestial sphere.
High blest with glory, and with love divine,
And innocence, (the brightest gems that shine ;)
For innocence is far the brightest dress
That we can wear, or beings can possess.
Truth is an ornament divinely fair ;
No brighter ornament can females wear
Than that of truth, 'tis a celestial robe,
Bright as the Sun, or any shining Globe—
Nor the blue firmament, array'd with stars,
(At midnight,) a more brighter visage wears,
Than she, who cloth'd in truth and innocence appears.
To tempt me to prove false henceforth forbear,
This bright apparel let me ever wear,
And shine with innocence, bright as the morning star.

Thus spoke the Fair, mov'd by a view divine,
But what are hearts in the esteem of swine ?
Or what is wisdom in the eyes of fools,
Or truth, to envious, proud, and haughty souls ?
Or what's a speech, though wise, sedate, and true,

To one possest with an infernal view?
The wrath of pride no wisdom can assuage,
This wise reply, increas'd the serpents rage.
She burns with indignation and replies—
Will you yet Eve, declare my words unwise,
And tell me that my counsels spring from pride,
That they don't correspond or coincide
With our Creator's will, and that they stand,
Oppos'd by nature, to his wise command?
The wise instruction I have to thee given,
Are wiser far than those inspir'd by heaven:
For 'tis not wisdom to be rul'd by love,
Or keep those laws enjoin'd by powers above.
But 'tis disgrace to let our fancy rule,
Or guide the other motives of the soul:
Love is the meanest passion we possess,
No more, for shame, thy love for man confess.
If you retain a partial love for him,
Don't let one being in this boundless realm
E'er know it Eve, but from all kinds conceal,
The vain disgraceful passion that you feel,
And e'en from Man thy inclinations hide,
And let dissimulation be your guide.
Go for a while dissemble and pretend,
You are a foe to him and not a friend.
With trifling, wound his feelings for a while,
Then heel the wound and cure it with a smile.
Tell him you meant not so, that it was done
To try his temper, and for sport or fun.
With fair pretences make your friend believe
That you esteem him, then again deceive
And disappoint his hopes, and thus torment him Eve.
Therefore be wise, and my advice revere,
And for a while as I advise appear;
For you can win no praise, if you now prove sincere.

The vicious Viper, thus (inspir'd by pride)
Gave her advice, the constant Eve replied—
The counsels you have given, like all the rest
I now abhor, despise, and now detest;

Dissimulation I detest, and scorn,
It cannot raise a Woman, or adorn
The female mind, but 'tis the vainest view
That we can have, or females can pursue.
Dissimulation is the bane of love;
It is despis'd by all the powers above;
Angels avoid it as a deadly bane:
What Angels hate we ought ourselves disdain.
If Seraphims and holy Angels hate
Dissembling, let us not disseminate,
Or sow the seeds of discord or disgrace
Around this realm, or this now peaceful race:
Let love without dissimulation dwell
Within our breasts, what folly to conceal
Our real intent, or attempt to hide
Our heart from one with whom we are allied,
In bands of love, and trifle with our words,
(A thing not practic'd by the beasts or birds.)
The brightest gem that female minds can wear,
(And it shines brighter than a golden star,)
Is that of truth. It is beyond thy art
To place a brighter virtue in the heart
Of female minds, or to inspire the breast
Of Man, of Fishes, Insects, Birds and Beasts,
With a more noble and exalting view
Than that of truth, or that of proving true.
Heaven is on truth and holy motives built,
And hell on pride. The false there burn with guilt.
Of heavenly joys none but the true partake,
The false inherit the dark fiery lake.
The true and constant heart is a child and heir
Of Heaven, (a realm of bliss divinely fair;)
The false, the proud, the vain, can never enter there;
For they are children and the heirs of pride,
(Which never did in realm of truth abide,)
And in eternal darkness must fore'er reside.
Such is the lot of those who prove sincere,
And love the truth, and Heaven's commands revere:
And such the state of those who swell with pride,
And choose dissimulation for their guide.

Here let thy counsels and instructions end,
I'll still prove true and constant to my friend;
My vows to Man I never will betray,
Or your instructions reverence, or obey.
True will I prove unto my promise made,
And with my kind in bands of friendship wed.

Thus spoke the Fair, (admir'd by realms above,)
And turns to hasten from the fragrant grove,
And meet her partner by the rolling flood—
But in her way the haughty Serpent stood,
Prevents her flight, and with a friendly air
(Cloth'd with deceit,) she thus address'd the Fair:—
Stay Eve one moment, and with patience hear
My friendly counsels, for they are sincere.
All the advice and motives I have taught,
If you would heed them would your joys promote;
Now hearken unto reason and be wise,
Let me once more instruct you and advise;
See if they are not worthy your pursuit,
Here will I end this object of dispute.
All I have said, (though you may think it base,)
I have display'd to save you from disgrace;
My views are friendly, and my plans are wise;
Though I have sought to break your promis'd ties;
(Or ties with Man) long labour'd to prevent,
I've done it Eve, out of a good intent;
My views are friendly, if you will but hear,
And weigh my words, 'twill evident appear
That what I've done or said, is friendly and sincere.
Now Eve, this is my motive, view, and plan,
To have you seek a nobler mate than Man;
For I esteem you Eve, too good for him,
You well deserve the noblest in this realm
For a companion, and 'tis plain and true,
That there are several (in the public view)
Nobler than Man, which far exceed thy kind
In strength, in size, and faculties of mind.
The Lion, Eve, ('tis evident) exceeds

In size, in strength, in swiftness, and in deeds
Thy kind or Man: And likewise speaks more loud,
And is with nobler qualities endow'd.
The Tyger, Panther, Leopard, Horse, and Bear,
Possess, ('tis evident) a greater share
Of strength, and sense, and have more power to scan
What's noble, than thy kind or partner Man.
The Elephant, and Buffalo, possess
More strength than Man, this you must (Eve) confess
Nor can you Eve, deny what I have said;
Then sure it is more honorable to wed
With one of these, than to unite with him
That talks with fish, beneath yon rolling stream.
Now it is certain, evident, and true,
That my advice, (if you would it pursue)
Will high exalt your name, your joy, and bliss;
What kinder counsel can you have than this?
These counsels which I proffer you are wise;
Embrace them Eve, and seek for nobler ties.
No more be rul'd or governed by regard,
But thy own kind and promise made discard.
Be rul'd by reason, not controul'd by love,
For 'tis no crime, (as I can see,) to prove
False to your promise, or to break your vows,
When you can win a nobler mate or spouse.
What if you break the promise you have made,
And do with some more nobler being wed?
You cannot suffer, for tis plain and true
When you are married, it cannot injure you.
Why do you then fear, or refuse to break
Thy promises and vows to man forsake,
And for a nobler mate or nobler partner seek?
Now weigh my words and my instructions weigh,
And you will own that what I here display
Is wise advice, and all that I've enjoin'd,
Are friendly counsels, for your good design'd,
If these instructions and advice I give
Are not the best, or wisest to receive;
Delineate true friendship, and declare
What wise advice, and wise instructions are.

THE Serpent thus, proud, envious, and obscene,
Addrest the Fair, in a kind friendly mien ;
But Eve unmov'd by all her vile deceit
Unto the Serpent, (with a voice sedate)
Return'd this answer :—Serpent, I refuse
To be controul'd or govern'd by thy views ;
They are not friendly, neither are they wise,
I'll now attempt to show where wisdom lies,
And what true friendship is, and what are noble ties.
No ties but equal, can afford delight,
In equal ties 'tis wisdom to unite.
Now cast a look round this delightful realm,
And view the beast, and fish beneath the stream ;
Observe the insects and the fowls of air,
And every kind with his own kind compare :
Observe their forms, their manner, size, and mien,
See what coincidence subsists between
Each male and female : View each one inclin'd,
To join in bands of wedlock with their kind ;
Controul'd by love or by their fancy led,
Each one desires with its own kind to wed.
This is sufficient to convince and prove
That 'twas decreed by the wise power above.
That every kind throughout this numerous race,
Should wed its kind, and its own kind embrace.
And 'tis a law on all this race enjoin'd,
That every one shall wed with its own kind.
Therefore, the counsels now declared by you,
Are neither wise, kind, friendly, just, or true.
And 'tis infernal friendship to advise
One of this race to leave their present ties ;
Such counsel is not kind, or friendly, true, or wise.
Therefore, if you would prove a friend sincere,
Advise no beast, nor any bird of air
To leave their kind, or to forsake their love.
But (though 'tis needless) counsel all to prove
True to the dictates of our hearts and mind,
And to that law our Maker has enjoin'd,
And join in bands of love and friendship with their kind.

Such counsel is the wisest you can give ;
Such would be wise, and wisdom to receive :
No other counsel can be wise or true,
Or wise in any being to pursue.
If I should your advice and words obey,
What friendship unto Man should I display :
Would it be true? Can it be true to break
My promises, and my own vow forsake,
Made unto Man? Can it be true to prove
False to my vows, or promises in love ?
No surely not. To be a friend sincere,
I must my vows, and promises revere :
To be a true and real friend to Man,
I must despise, scorn, and reject thy plan ;
And all the views and counsels you have taught
I must reject, despise, and set at nought ;
I must prove true unto my promise made,
And all the views and motives you've display'd
I must despise. The motives you excite
I must reject, this, then is requisite
To constitute myself a friend sincere
To Man, (my kind.) Therefore, henceforth forbear,
To tempt me with your counsels to disdain
My kind ; for all your labours must prove vain,
To my own kind, true friendship I'll display ;
True love or friendship never can decay.
It is a flame that shines forever bright,
Yielding celestial bliss, and true delight.
'Tis like the Sun that never ceas'd to shine,
Illuminating worlds with light benign :
No intrigue can divert it from its way,
Or dim the glory of its dazzling ray—
No counsel and design, advice or force
Can change or turn it from its yearly course—
Fixt to its orb, it rolls through boundless space,
And with unvarying constancy doth trace
Its fixed orb, and sheds its friendly beams
On numerous worlds, celestial globes, and realms.
This is an emblem of a constant heart,
And of true friendship. No device or art

Can break a friendship that is real true—
(The noblest aim that beings can pursue.)
It breaks through all, no intrigue e'er can bind;
Such is true friendship, such a constant mind.
Such is the friendship rooted in my breast;
Long as the sun sheds light may it exist;
Your counsels and advice, I therefore do detest.

Thus spoke the Fair; the serpent fill'd with pride,
(And with a scornful sneer) to Eve replied—
Now will you Eve despise all I have said,
And now with Man in bands of friendship wed;
And rather choose to gratify your love,
Or vain desire or fancy, than to prove
A friend to all creation? For 'tis true,
If you your fix'd intentions now pursue,
And wed with Man, 'twill sink us in disgrace,
And injure me, our family and race.
Now Eve I ask you which you think is best,
To prove a friend to Man, or all the rest?
Which is the wisest, to disgrace the whole
By your connection, or let fancy rule?
Now will you let your love or fancy lead,
And wed as fancy dictates you to wed?
Or let your reason guide you, and embrace
A noble being and exalt your race?
You'd better break your vows, than sink us in disgrace.

The Serpent thus, (vain, arrogant and blind,)
Upon the Fair this vile advice enjoin'd;
When Eve unmov'd, her blind advice disdain'd,
(For different views of honor she retain'd,)
And to the serpent thus:—Can it exalt
Our race to honor, if I should revolt
From my late vows, and join in friendly ties
With one of larger statue, strength and size?
I can't conceive if I should now embrace
Your views, that it would benefit this race:
For you are not sole judge of honor or disgrace,

Go ask the Eagle if he thinks it best
For me to join in wedlock with a beast ?
Go ask the Deer if he believes I can
Obtain a better friend or mate than Man ?
Go ask the Fox if he believes it wise
To heed your words and seek for other ties,
Or wed a beast ? He'll tell you (I believe,)
That it is wisest, and tis best for Eve
To wed with Man, and her late vows fulfill ;
Nor from her love or promises rebel.
Go ask the whole creation, (beasts and birds,)
If they desire me to betray my words,
And break the solemn promise I have made,
And with the Lion or the Tyger wed ?
You cannot one in all creation find,
That thinks it best for me to leave my kind :
Or does desire me to betray my vows,
And seek some other being for a spouse,
Except the Owls. Then I must be a fool
To break my promise, just to please an Owl !
And furthermore, 'twill injure all our race
If I should wed the Lion, or embrace
Another kind. Then ought I heed your words,
To be a friend to Man, or beasts or birds ?
Therefore to prove a friend, or friend sincere
To all creation, I must e'er revere
My promise vows, and wed with my own kind.
This is my duty, and I am inclin'd
To reverence and obey the duty that's enjoin'd.
And furthermore vile Viper, I conceive
Your proffer'd counsels or advice you give,
If I should heed them, would involve our race,
Or me alone, in trouble and in disgrace.
Let me now view and thy advice survey,
And see if the instructions you display
Are tending to exalt my name or bliss ;
Or tending to destroy my happiness.
Now if I should forsake my present love,
And unto Man, false and inconstant prove,
With an intent to win some higher ties,

Would it be wisdom, would the deed be wise ?
Say, would the Lion wish to join or wed
With one who had her promises betray'd ?
If he for his own credit has regard,
Or reputation, he would sure discard
The very thought. Nor would he be allied,
Or wish to have a traitor for a bride.
To his own kind he'd rather constant prove,
Than wed with one who had forsook her love.
Nor is there one in this delightful state,
(Not one of honor, noble or sedate,)
That does desire to wed a coquette for a mate.
What beast is there amid this numerous race,
That can esteem it honor to embrace
Another kind? Or to unite or wed
With one who has her promises betray'd ?
There is not one, if I should break my vows
That will desire to win me for a spouse—
But every beast in this delightful realm,
(Though I might seek to court and flatter him,)
Would think me far beneath his notice or esteem.
Now if I heed the counsels you impart,
And break the law that's written in my heart ;
And break my present promises and ties,
With an intent above my kind to rise,
All this vast race, (now blest with views sublime,)
Will know my fault, and scorn me for my crime,
And I shall justly be the sport and scorn of time.
Then how much wiser 'tis for me to dwell
In constancy, and ne'er from truth rebel.
Nothing shall tempt me to betray my word ;
My vows to Man forever I'll regard ;
The dictates of my heart I will obey ;
Nothing shall ever tempt me to betray
The promise I have made to Man, (my kind,)
Or to forsake the dictates of my mind.
Fidelity and truth shall be my guide ;
With constancy I will in truth abide ;
Thus I will ever shun the dangerous path of pride.
Cease then, (vile Viper,) henceforth to entice,

Or proffer your instructions and advice—
Leave me forever free, and free to prove
Constant and true unto my promis'd love,
And to the wise decrees of the wise power above.
Cease, for the bright meridian hour draws near,
And duty bids us round yon fount appear,
And join the assembled race around the spring,
And glorious anthems to our Maker sing:
In songs divine, extol his glorious name,
And with our tongues his wond'rous love proclaim.
Haste, let us go and join the numerous choirs
That now collect, (high blest with pure desires,)
Around the fount. Now let us haste to join
The assembling choirs, to praise the power divine.
Man waits for me near yon delightful stream,
And duty bids me haste, and go with him
To the assembly. Let me not delay,
Lest he be disappointed by my stay.

She spoke, and once more seeks again to leave
The blissful bower. The Serpent frowns on Eve,
Prevents her flight, and with a friendly air,
(Controul'd by pride,) she thus address'd the Fair—
Now Eve for once my wise instructions heed,
Let me instruct you how you ought proceed;
Now follow the advice I give to you,
For if you heed them and the same pursue,
It will exalt you Eve, high in the public view.
Now Eve be wise, and my advice embrace,
Forbear to meet this vast assembling race,
Around the fount; for what's the use to join
The assembly (Eve,) to praise the power divine?
What if this duty, Heaven's on us enjoin'd;
It is a task beneath all noble minds,
To spend their breath, or to employ their tongues
In singing Anthems, or celestial songs
To their Creator. Now for once forbear
To join the rest; let beasts and birds of air
Praise their Creator, but let us be wise,
Shun the assemby, and the task despise.

Stay here with me, and let creation meet;
Welcome they are his praises to repeat,
If it affords them pleasure and delight:
Long let them sing, but nobler views excite
My heart and mind; it is a task too mean
To praise his name, and even to be seen
Join'd with the rest, or the assembled race;
(It is to every noble mind disgrace.)
But if you Eve, refuse to be controul'd
By this advice, and wisdom I unfold;
Heed this advice and counsels which I give,
For it is wise and 'twill exalt you Eve:
This is the counsel that I would enjoin,
Go not to the assembly with thy kind,
But let the Wolf or Fox upon you wait.
Go with the Fox and his intended mate
To join thy kind—I charge you to forbear,
And let the Fox, (Eve,) wait upon you there;
This will exalt you in the public view:
Now Eve be wise, and my advice pursue.

The vicious Viper, thus deprav'd by pride,
Gave her advice; the constant Eve replied—
Your counsels I conceive are blind and base,
Which will most injure me, which most disgrace,
To go with Man and with my kind appear
In the assembly, and to prove sincere
Unto my words, or now to use deceit,
And with the Fox and his intended mate
Join the assembly? Say, which of these two
Will most exalt me in the public view?
If with the Fox I to the assembly go,
The whole creation then will surely know
That I'm a traitor to my promise made,
And that I have my promises betray'd.
I should at once to all the world proclaim
That I was false—a coquettes hateful name
I should acquire—then all the assembled race
Will censure me and load me with disgrace.

In the assembly can I then appear
With confidence, and bear the general sneer?
There they will say, goes Eve, that fickle mind,
She's broke her promise, and forsook her kind!
With an intent to win some higher state,
Or a more nobler partner, friend or mate!
Now with the Fox and his intended spouse,
(Seeking for higher ties, or love) she goes;
She shifts and turns her mind with every wind that blows!
Who can desire to be in wedlock join'd
With such a fickle and inconstant mind?
Or a vain coquette for a spouse to win?
If once a traitor, she will betray again.
If I should now prove fickle and untrue,
This I should suffer, this would be my due,
Nor will it raise the Fox, to tag about with two,
It is enough to wait upon his kind,
One mate and only one has heaven design'd
For him and Man, or any one beside,
That each should have one consort, each a bride.
And every kind should have a spouse or mate,
And only one:—That they should prove sedate:
And that each kind with his own kind should wed,
Our wise Creator at the first decreed.
Then let each kind with their own kind appear
In the assembly—let all prove sincere
To their own kinds—and join in friendly ties
With their own kind, for this is truly wise.
The dictates of my heart I will obey,
Unto my vows I'll strict obedience pay,
Nor will I seek for bliss in any other way.
Bliss can't reside in an inconstant breast,
With perfect bliss, none but the true are blest;
For falsehood and inconstancy in love,
Sunk Angels from the glorious realms above.
They prov'd inconstant to their holy fire,
Or love, in hopes to win a station higher;
But all they won was endless guilt and shame,
Guilt burns their breasts like a hot sulph'rous flame.

Bound down with chains of darkness and of thought,
In burning lakes they mourn their fatal lot ;
This by inconstancy they on themselves have brought.
If such their fate, oh, ought I not beware,
And shun inconstancy, (that fatal snare,)
And true to Man and to my promise prove,
And prove sincere and constant to my love ?
Your counsels therefore, (Viper,) I detest,
I'll still revere the counsels of my breast—
The dictates of my heart I'll ever heed,
And join as my Creator has decreed,
And with my kind alone will I unite or wed.
This will exalt me to the highest bliss,
And crown my future life with happiness.

Thus Eve unmov'd, by all the Vipers art,
Prov'd constant to the dictates of her heart.
Defeated now in her infernal plan
In making Eve dissolve her ties with man.
The vicious Viper all her arts employed
To sink the happy mind she then enjoy'd.
Once more she seeks her constant heart to move,
And make the Fair, false and inconstant prove,
By making her distrust the glorious power above.
And thus, to Eve, will you in heaven confide,
And think your wants will always be supplied ?
Will you forever put in Heaven your trust,
And think its partial dispensations just ?
Is our Creator holy, just and good,
Will he at all times fill this race with food ?
Though he is glorious, holy and supreme,
We ought not put all confidence in him.
But for ourselves we ought some grove select,
And from the beasts and birds the same protect.
We ought divide this blissful realm by lot,
And let each one possess a seperate spot ;
Where each may live divided from the rest,
Nor be in common of this realm possest.
And as I am the oldest of this band,
I ought to have the largest piece of land.

The oldest of the beasts and fowls of air;
Ought (for 'tis just,) possess the largest share.
Tho' you are younger than some beasts, 'tis true,
I'll give a larger portion unto you;
On this condition: you shall break your vows,
And seek some nobler partner for a spouse,
If we do this, this blissful realm divide,
I think our wants may ever be supplied;
For as we have undoubted right to rule
This numerous race, and to direct the whole
Of this creation, we can, if we please,
Select the richest groves, and fairest trees
In this abode; and take the groves that bear
The fairest fruit, for our own part or share.
But nobler motives still, I will unfold,
We may select the fairest mounts of gold
For our own part, and take a piece of land
That's fill'd with golden ore, or golden sand.
Now if we Eve, arrange the matter thus,
We soon can make the birds adhere to us;
And all the beasts just as we please controul,
And we can all this vast creation rule,
For we shall soon become the richest of the whole.
We then can (Eve,) hold an extensive sway
O'er all this race, and make the whole obey
Our sovereign voice, and rule them as we please,
And be supplied with food and live in ease.
Now can you (Eve,) against this plan protest,
And choose to live in common with the rest?
Now can you Eve call this wise plan of mine,
An evil motive or a vain design?

Blinded by pride, the Serpent thus exprest
The avaricious motives of her breast:
But Eve the wisest of the numerous race,
Could her designs and vile intentions trace,
She knew the Viper sought to win the highest place.
This plan which Satan had with art devis'd,
The constant Eve like all the rest despis'd,
And with great wisdom, wisely disapproves,

Of a division of the fragrant groves.
And to the Serpent—Why will you propose
A seperation of what God bestows?
Now would you have us in the least distrust
His Providence, or think his ways unjust?
Can we not safely in his love confide,
That all our wants will always be supplied?
No want of food or blessings need we fear,
While under his wise providential care.
Trust but in him and we are safe and sure,
And long and lasting will our joys endure.
Nought need we fear, while we in truth abide,
And shun that false and tempting spirit pride,
And in our heavenly friend, with confidence confide.
What reason have we to distrust that power
That's gave us life, and spreads each fragrant flower?
He is a being, holy, pure and just,
And no one ought his providence distrust.
On him who gave us life we may rely,
He will at all times, all our wants supply;
In him we may with confidence confide,
(That all our wants will ever be supplied.)
If we distrust his providential care,
And grow too proud (in common rights) to share
This paradise of bliss, with beasts or fowls of air,
His just displeasure we should well deserve,
He would be just in leaving us to starve.
His justice would with perfect glory shine,
He would be just, (his justice be divine,)
In leaving us with want and hunger to repine.
Therefore vile Viper, seek no more to prove
That we can't safely trust the power above—
For we may safely in his love rely,
That he will always all our wants supply.
In this bright realm divinely bright and fair,
There's food enough, (large plenties, and to spare;)
For us, for beasts, for fish, and for the fowls of air.
As we are with sufficient bounties blest,
Can it be wisdom to oppress the rest,

And wrong them of their rights or daily food,
And take away their rights, (by Heaven bestow'd ?)
To all this race, (by the wise power of Heaven,)
This blissful realm and fair abode is given.
By the wise power it is bestow'd on all,
(A common gift,) the old, large, young and small.
Each beast and bird, and fish beneath the stream,
Has equal claims to this delightful realm.
No one's entitled (in this numerous band)
By justice, to the largest piece of land.
I therefore shall thy proposed plan reject,
For I foresee 'twill have a sad effect,
To part or to divide this blissful sphere
Among the fishes, beasts, and fowls of air ;
For few would be I trust, contented with their share.
Now if we should divide this realm by lot,
And every one should have a seperate spot ;
Would a fair field, fill'd with a bounteous store,
Make thee content, would you not thirst for more ?
Suppose we should this blissful realm divide
Among this race, who should our claims decide ?
What right have you to claim a larger share
Than any beast, or any fowl of air ?
Methinks thy claim to hold the most, (unjust,)
Merely because you was created first—
Others methinks may claim as just a right,
For strength of body, size, or appetite.
I can't conceive 'tis just that you should hold
The largest share, merely because most old.
I can't conceive the oldest of this band,
Entitled to the largest piece of land.
Cease then, and be content, for it is best
To share this realm in common with the rest.

Thus sought the Fair, to cool the Serpents thirst
For power or wealth, and prove her claim unjust
To hold the largest share, by being form'd the first.
As fiery streams from burning Etna flow,
And waste the fair Sicilian fields below ;
Or as from burning Hecla's horrid flue,

Vast streams of fire and melted rocks issue ;
So from the Serpent's depravated soul,
Indignant frowns and angry censures roll.
Enrag'd she rav'd, (the truth she could not bear,)
To think that Eve contentedly would share
Fair paradise with beasts, or with the fowls of air.
And thus on Eve, she pores a tide of rage—
I am entitled, ('tis my right by age,)
Unto a double portion, and 'tis just
The oldest one, or one created first,
Should have a double portion, or a share
Full twice as large as any bird of air,
Or any one that dwells in this delightful sphere.
This is just, and 'tis a crime in you
To seek to wrong me of my right and due.
And it is wisdom to employ our arts,
And to divide this garden into parts ;
And to select the fairest fields and best
For our own share, and guard them from the rest
Of this creation—and defend the same—
Nor let the beasts taste of the groves we claim,
For 'tis the duty (Eve,) of every one
To look out for themselves, and seek their own
Wealth, power, and ease, and for themselves provide,
That all their wants may ever be supplied.
We for ourselves ought keep a bounteous store
Of food, delicious, and of golden ore ;
While we enjoy life, liberty and health,
We ought to spend it in acquiring wealth :
This ought to be the greatest aim af all,
The old, the young, the large, robust, and small
Ought to employ their time and spend their days
In gaining wealth, and not to spend in praise
Their precious time—this ought to be our view ;
It is what we, and others ought pursue ;
It is your duty to exert yourself,
(As well as mine,) to gain large stores of Pelf.
In this wise way 'tis wisdom to proceed,
And lay up for ourselves for time of need.
If we are well supplied we need not care

For fish, or beast, or for the fowls of air.
If we are with sufficient bounties blest,
We need not care if want destroys the rest.
If they with hunger or with want repine,
'Tis none of your concern, nor is it mine.
Therefore let us be wise, and seek to gain
The richest grove in this Elysian plain,
Or field of golden dust, and call it our domain.

THE Serpent fill'd with pride and avarice,
(Unto the Fair,) thus proffers her advice,
And thought it wise. But Eve (still wise,) retain'd
Quite different views, and her advice disdain'd,
And to the Serpent thus—Tempt me no more
With fragrant groves, or fields of golden ore:
In common with the beasts and fowls of air
I am content to live, and with them share
This paradise of bliss: This blissful realm
Was made for all, by the wise power supreme,
For Man, for beasts, and birds, and fish beneath the stream.
These fair Elysian fields, and bright abode,
Yield large supplies, (and yield sufficient food)
For us, for beasts, for birds, and fish beneath the flood.
All are by one kind, glorious power supplied;
He does for birds as well as us provide.
O'er all this realm his providence he spreads,
The beasts and birds, with plenteous food he feeds.
And all created beings that exist,
Or live, do by his Providence subsist.
And shall we now his Providence distrust,
(When it is wise, impartial, kind, and just?)
And grow too proud in common rights to share
These fair Eylsian fields, and blissful sphere
With insects, fish, and beasts, or with the fowls of air?
How base the views and motives you retain,
They are methinks, infernal, vile, and vain.
A craving, covetous, and haughty view,

Is not a noble motive to pursue.
But 'tis infernal, for it springs from pride,
(A mean, detestible, and hateful guide.)
Therefore, the views or motives you've exprest,
All this whole race, (each insect, bird, and beast,)
Ought scorn, despise, discard, hate, censure, & detest.
Still let us (Viper,) be content to share
These fair Elysian fields, (divinely fair,)
In common with the beasts, and with the fowls of air.
Let us not harbour in our souls or breast,
A wish to wrong, or to oppress the rest—
But like the Angels in the realms above,
Let us possess benevolence and love
For all this race: And let us be content
With what our Maker has bestow'd or lent;
But if such gifts can't satisfy thy thirst,
Go choose thy part, and glut thyself with dust.
If your's are noble and exalting views,
Go feed on dust, and eat the food you choose:
Go heap up for yourself a boundless store
(For time of need,) of dust and golden ore.
Go, if you choose, let avarice be thy guide:
Go, take thy choice and be a slave to pride.
But this thing I request, and ask of thee,
Leave all this race, and all creation free;
Free to enjoy those gifts bestow'd by Heaven,
And be contented with the blessings given.

She spoke, and once more sought to leave the bower,
(When mov'd by pride, that vile infernal power,)
The vicious Serpent, fill'd with rage and spite,
With subtlety and art prevents her flight;
And with a haughty, proud and lofty air,
She plac'd herself before the flying Fair;
For now she grew determin'd to deceive,
And to destroy the constancy of Eve.

Though Eve had long with true and wise replies,
Shun'd all the plans the Serpent did devise
Yet she was doom'd at last to fall a sacrafice.

Ye muses thron'd in realms of light relate,
How by the Serpents intrigues and deceit,
Eve lost her innocence, and blissful happy state.

The Serpent now her utmost power employ'd,
To sink the peace of mind she now enjoy'd.
One measure yet remain'd by her untried,
That was, to prove their kind Creator lied,
And that the race ought not in his command confide.
And prove their Maker, (holy, pure and clean,)
To be the cause or origin of sin;
And author of all evil, and of things obscene:
For pride inspir'd her with this evil view,
To prove the glorious power above untrue.
Inspir'd by Satan she attempts to prove
That every motive, springs from powers above.
And thus to Eve—Say will you still confide
In powers above, when the same power has lied?
His strict commands which you so much revere,
Are false, unfriendly, they are not sincere—
This I can prove to you, if you'll to me adhere—
Has not our Maker gave a strict command
Unto you Eve, and to this numerous band,
Not to partake of the forbidden tree?
(On pain of death he gave this law to thee.)
Yet he has left us Eve, to act entirely free.
Now if you eat, that glorious Power well knows
You will not die—but 'twill to you disclose
Some hidden wonder, (worth your while to know,)
Which he at first intended to bestow.
If you can eat, and still your life retain,
No longer from the glorious food refrain;
But haste precipitately to the tree,
For you may eat, for Heaven has made you free.

Thus spoke the Serpent, (with an evil view,)
When Eve to prove their wise Creator true
Replies sedately—Serpent, will you strive
To prove our Maker, (by whose care we live,)
False, Author, and Creator, or the cause
Of evil? When his attributes and laws

All stand contrasted, and opposed to those
That you retain, or these which you disclose?
God's attributes and laws all coincide,
They stand oppos'd to the decrees of pride,
His laws leads beings in the paths of joy
And lasting bliss—but those of pride decoy
Fools from true happiness, and fills their breast
With motives which Angelic minds detest.
And envy, falsehood, malice, and deceit,
A thirst for power, contention, and debate,
Originate from pride. Such motives Angels hate.
Free from such views, the bright Angelic choirs
Retain more holy, and more pure desires.
Humility, benevolence, and love,
And love of truth, controuls the choirs above.
In that bright realm no falsehood can abide;
No evil view, or evil can reside,
Nor any attributes of that vile spirit pride.
There Holy Seraphs in harmonious bands,
Obey their Maker's wise, and kind commands;
Their love of truth and hatred to deceit,
Preserves the union of that glorious state.
No one can dwell in that celestial sphere
That is not holy, constant, and sincere:
To be a member in that bright abode,
All must be with true holiness endow'd.
(Our wise Creators image,) and delight
In deeds benevolent, in acts upright;
Such motives are requir'd, and such are requisite.
For where deceit and evil passions dwell,
And all are seeking others to excell,
It cannot be a heaven, it sure must be a hell!
Then does our Maker, (holy, pure, and great,)
Inspire our hearts, or in our souls create
Unholy views, or any one inspire
With an unholy, vile, or proud desire?
No, he cannot in any minds instill
A disposition to transgress his will,
Or break his laws. Then seek no more to prove,
That evil springs from the wise Power above.

This speech of Eve, to prove her Maker true,
Did not well suit the serpents haughty view:
Enrag'd she heard, resentful she replies—
Are all our Makers dispensations wise?
Does not all evil from his throne proceed?
Is not all evil by one power decreed?
If He's Almighty Sovereign, and Supreme,
We ought attribute every thing to him.
From the first cause, and former of all things,
Both every good, and every evil springs.
He can be false, as well as wise and true,
Both good and evil does from him issue.
He form'd all things by his Almighty word,
And over all he stands a sovereign Lord.
Great is his power, he does all minds inspire
With every noble, vain, and proud desire.
If there is such a thing as views obscene,
Or evil motives, arrogant, and mean;
Or a vile being, to induce our minds,
To break the Holy law that He enjoins
Upon us Eve—He form'd the self same power
To tempt us, and our happiness devour.
Thus evil does from powers above proceed,
All good and evil is by Him decreed.
He fore ordains all evil that takes place,
And every deed and action of our race.
And 'tis a crime in you to seek to prove,
That evil does not spring from powers above.

The Serpent thus, (proud, haughty, vain and blind,)
Accuses Heaven; the constant Eve enjoin'd:—
Serpent, how inconsistent is thy speech,
And the false doctrine you attempt to teach;
It is methinks, blasphemy, to assert
That our Creator does to us impart
Unholy views, or tempteth us to sin—
For if he plants corrupt desires within,
He must possess a mind or spirit that's unclean.

Hence they who say that the wise power supreme,
Hath such an views, or spirit, do blaspheme—
Or those who do assert, vile motives spring from him.
It is blasphemy (Serpent,) to accuse
A holy being, of unholy views;
Or to assert that pride from holiness issues.
For pride, (by nature,) is corrupt and vile,
It fills the heart with motives that defile:
Contention, envy, malice, and deceit,
And evil views, spring or originate
From pride—And pride 'tis evident and true,
Cannot from holiness spring, or issue:
For pride and holiness can't be allied;
They stand contrasted, and they differ wide;
Pride cannot spring from truth, or holiness from pride.
For how can holiness and truth create
Contention, envy, malice, and deceit?
Then how can our Creator, (wise and true,)
Create a being with an evil view?
Or form a spirit different from his own?
Or being to all evil motives prone?
The attributes of the wise power above
Are meekness, truth, benevolence and love,
Humility. Such virtues constitute
His image, or his holy attribute;
And every virtuous grace, we may to him impute.
Such ideas we may entertain of him
That form'd all worlds, and is in power supreme.
But to believe that power who form'd this earth,
And gave vast worlds and numerous regions birth;
Who gave that glorious radiance to the sun,
And caus'd the stars in different orbs to run,
And in harmonious order roll around
This blissful realm, and gave the sea a bound;
And spoke us into being by a word,
Can e'en prove false, must be a view absurd;
How can our Maker, (holy, pure, and clean,)
Be the Creator of all good and sin?
Or how can evil views originate from him?

'Tis inconsistent to believe that power,
Will his own works, or his own self devour;
Or that he form'd a being to oppose
His government, or just and holy laws.
Reason opposes this, and demonstrates,
That there are two distinct, and seperate states;
Whose nature differ, and were ne'er allied,
The one a fount of love, and one of pride,
And rul'd by views and aims, which cannot coincide.
Both self-existent, one the source of joy,
The other vile, and seeking to destroy
The glories of the first, and all our bliss annoy.
This truth to us, is by our reason taught,
That good from Heaven, and every evil thought
Originates from pride, (that power below,
By nature vile) which seeks to overthrow
All holiness, and the bright powers above.
Pride tempts all beings to forsake their love,
And to their hearts and vows, false and inconstant prove.
If this be truth, which is most safe to trust,
The friendship of the last, or of the first?
If this be true, in which shall we confide;
Say, which ought be our monitor and guide?
Which? Virtue, love, and truth, or falsehood, fame and pride?

This speech the Serpent heard, but disbelieves
This reasoning and this argument of Eve's;
And with a scornful sneer, she heard this word,
Or speech of Eve, and thinks the same absurd:
For the deceitful, arrogant, and vile,
Or those possest with motives that defile;
Or those controul'd by envy and deceit,
Can't bear to hear, or view their real state,
Or know from whence vile views do first originate.
Now in reply, the Serpent thus exprest
Her evil views: Does evil self exist?
Does it exist without the aid of him
Who form'd all things, and is in power supreme?

Could evil spring, or out of nothing rise,
To stand a contrast with the power most wise?
How vain is thy belief or things that you surmise.
Scarcely you have far from true reason err'd;
Thy arguments and reasoning are absurd;
They can't be founded on a thing that's true,
For evil must from the first cause issue.
All things spring from one author; he creates
All good and evil, saints and reprobates
All evil does, as well as good proceed
From powers above, and is by heaven decreed.
Yet you will still believe your Maker just,
And in his laws put confidence and trust.

This vile delusive speech, unmov'd she heard,
And still her Maker's wise commands rever'd;
Once more to prove her wise Creator true,
And that no evil did from him issue,
Eve sought, and to the Serpent thus replies—
What reason demonstrates, we may surmise;
What reason teaches us let us embrace;
If we attempt originals to trace,
How that high power that form'd this glorious state,
Did first exist, or how he did create
Vast numerous worlds, and did the same suspend
In boundless space, we cannot comprehend,
But to believe that glorious power untrue,
Must be a vile, erroneous, evil view,
For nothing that's obscene, can from that power issue.
Nothing but good originates from him,
For he is holy, glorious, and supreme.
If there is evil, it has always stood
In contrast with that glorious source of good,
And self-existent, for no evil view
Can spring from one that's holy, just, and true.
For truth and falsehood cannot be allied;
For how can falsehood in the truth abide,
When they in contrast stand, and cannot coincide?
How can a being holy, pure, and clean,
Be the first cause, or origin of sin?

Can evil motives dwell in holy minds,
Or our Creator have two fix'd designs?
Or to inspire all beings with delight,
And at the same time with vile views excite
Their hearts and minds, and make them scorn his love,
And of his wise commandments disapprove?
Can the same fountain at the self same time,
Yield a pure stream, and send forth filth and slime?
Can bitter water be in sweet conceal'd?
Or can a fig-tree olive berries yield?
Or on the vine can figs in clusters grow,
Or bitter streams from a pure fountain flow?
Or can there from that glorious fount above,
(That fount of truth, of harmony and love,)
Spring evil views, or a vile evil power,
That would all holiness and joy devour?
No Serpent, envy, malice, fame, and pride,
Did never in the realms of light abide;
Nor were they form'd by truth, or e'er with truth allied.
Nor can such motives dwell in realms of bliss,
For they're destructive to all happiness.
Nor do they from our wise Creator flow,
But spring from that infernal power below.
They in their nature tend to sink the mind
From happiness, and from emotions kind.
They are the image of an evil power,
Oppos'd to truth, which seeketh to devour
The joys implanted by the power above,
And the delights that flow or spring from love.
Such are their nature, they have always stood
In contrast with the glorious source of good.
Yet truth will stand in spite of fame and pride,
And over all created worlds preside;
And stand a sovereign power and universal guide.
In vain shall pride against the truth conspire,
For truth must stand like a consuming fire.
All evil minds must feel its burning flame,
All those who thirst for unjust power or fame;
Or seek by vile pursuits to gain a lasting name.

No being can its burning rays forego,
Who wear the image of the power below:
They must forever sink in gulphs of lasting woe.
And 'tis absurd, and criminal in you,
To seek to prove the power above untrue.

Thus Eve with reason wisely sought to prove,
That no vile motive dwelt in realms above;
That they (by nature,) stood oppos'd to truth and love.
But the vile Viper could not bear to hear,
Eve from all blame her wise Creator clear,
Or prove the power above just, holy, or sincere.
Or seek to prove that falsehood, fame and pride,
Did never in the realms of truth abide,
Or spring at first from him that does in light reside.
For those who wear the image of that power,
(By nature vile,) which seeketh to devour,
Wish to impute all evil unto him.
Who form'd all worlds, and is in power supreme;
That they may have a cloak or an excuse for sin.
The Serpent still continues to pursue,
To prove their wise Creator was untrue;
And that all evil did spring or from him issue.
And that it was erroneous to surmise,
That their Creator, (infinitely wise,)
Was not the cause or origin of sin,
Or of all views that beings feel within.
And thus (to Eve,) say will you still persist
In thy belief, that evil does exist
Of its own self, coequal with that power
That gave us life, and form'd this realm and bower?
Could not that power that does o'er worlds preside,
Be the Creator of deceit and pride?
And cannot falsehood (Eve,) in realms of light abide?
Pride is not evil, 'tis a noble view,
It makes all beings noble ends pursue;
It does excite us to aspire above
All vain pursuits, and the vain joys of love,

It in our minds excites a brave desire,
To seek for honor in a region higher;
And to Angelic seats it tempts us to aspire.
With noble views it animates our breast,
To think our own opinion far the best;
It places us high in our own esteem
Above the birds, or fishes of the stream.
It animates us with a thirst for fame,
And with desires to gain a lasting name.
It fills our breasts with a desire to rule,
And brings all others under our controul.
Angels (no doubt,) who do in Heaven reside,
Are animated or controul'd by pride:
Now will you (Eve,) call pride an evil view,
Or passion vile, unworthy to pursue?
Or now assert it is oppos'd to bliss,
Or tending to destroy our happiness?

The Serpent thus, exprest her evil views,
And sought in Eve vile motives to infuse.
But Eve more wise, by heavenly gifts adorn'd,
Rejected her advice, and counsels scorn'd:
Still heavenly wisdom was her friendly guide,
She yet rejects the vile pursuits of pride:
Thus to the Serpent—Will you still persist,
Or seek to prove that pride and fame exist
In realms of bliss, or that Angelic choirs
Are mov'd and govern'd by such vain desires?
Surely vain Viper, thy pretence is vile,
For pride, (by nature,) tendeth to defile;
From pride, 'tis true, most evils do proceed;
By pride, vile deeds, and evil is decreed:
It is by nature, vile, corrupt, and base,
And sinks its votaries in deep disgrace:
It is a flame that seeketh to devour,
(Hateful to truth,) a vile infernal power!
It is the power of darkness, and it stands
Oppos'd to holiness, and Heaven's commands:
It is the cause of discord and debate,
It sunk the Angels from their happy state:

It did exist before the Angels fell,
For it was pride that caus'd them to rebel:
Tempted by pride, once Angels did conspire
Against Heavens laws, and sought a station higher.
Too proud to be controul'd by holy views,
They were condemn'd with the vile state they chose;
They are condemn'd with just deserving fate,
By being banish'd from those joys they hate.
Thus, pride sunk Angels from the realms of bliss,
And drove them from a state of happiness.
This proves that pride is in its nature base,
And tending to involve us in disgrace,
And from our hearts and minds the noblest views efface.
Base in its nature, it has ever stood
In contrast with the glorious source of good—
Nothing but good springs from the power above;
No pride, or falsehood, can abide in love,
Or spring from the wise Author of our bliss,
For they're destructive to all happiness—
No evil springs if rightly understood,
From the eternal source of every good;
For all our blessings from that fountain flow,
And every evil springs from powers below.
If this be true, then let us e'er confide
In Heaven's wise laws, and shun that spirit pride.
From that wise law now wrote within our heart,
Let pride ne'er tempt us basely to depart.
Serpent, with grief I view thy heart deprav'd
Of holy views—and evil views engrav'd
Within thy breast—to think that power unjust,
That gave us life, and form'd all worlds at first,
Or his kind Providence, or care for us distrust!
Great is his love and providential care
For his creation, most on those who wear
His Holy Image, and who constant prove
Unto their vows, and constant in their love.
Round to all realms his boundless love extends,
In one vast chain of love, he comprehends
Seraphic hosts—and vast Angelic choirs,

And numerous beings fill'd with kind desires:
O'er all this realm his Providence presides,
And for us, all delicious food provides.
All in this realm, alike, his glories share,
Beasts, fish, and insects, and the fowls of air,
Feel his true friendly smiles, and providential care.
He with one love unites and ties the whole
Unto himself, the Author and the Soul
Of all created things—and his commands
Are given to protect these numerous bands
From the infernal friendship of that power,
Or spirit pride, which seeketh to devour.
Therefore his wise commands we ought revere,
And to believe them friendly and sincere.
For our own happiness his laws are given.
They constitute the joys and bliss of Heaven:
By the same laws the heavenly hosts are tied,
Seraphs and Angels are as one allied;
Love is their monitor, and truth their law and guide.
This law of truth, and monitor of love,
Preserves the union of the choirs above.
While love's our monitor, and truth's our guide,
So long shall we in happiness abide,
And be with seraphims in holy bands allied.
But if we break that law divine and pure,
Deep grief and sorrow, we must sure endure;
Or our Creator's wise commandments break,
Or of that vile forbidden food partake.
We sure must die and meet deserving fate,
And loose this glorious, blissful, happy state.
And be from this delightful garden drove,
And be forsaken by the choirs above;
Then how important 'tis that we should constant prove.
Let us with constancy the truth maintain,
And from the vile forbidden food refrain,
And shun that food (by nature) base, and vile,
Forbid by Heaven, for 'twill our hearts defile.
If we partake it, 'twill our lives destroy,
And all the bliss and pleasure we enjoy.

Thus spoke fair Eve, the Serpent's vile reply
Was this, (but false,) ye shall not surely die,
For God doth know the day you eat the food,
You'll be as Gods, knowing evil from the good:
For in its boughs some hidden wonder lies,
It is a tree design'd to make us wise;
A tree that's fair and pleasant to the sight;
'Twill fill our taste with pleasure and delight.
Such is its nature, and its influence such,
It is not death to eat, or sin to touch.
No longer then from that fair food refrain,
But eat, and live, and higher joys obtain.

The Serpent thus, endeavors to ensnare,
And with her treacherous words entice the Fair:
But Eve rejects the friendship she display'd,
And still proves true unto her promise made.
Still true to Heaven, and to her promise ties,
Unto the Viper, she sedate replies—
Will you yet seek to prove the Power above
False or unfriendly, or attempt to prove
That our Creator, (holy, just, and clean,)
Can plant corrupt and evil views within?
True is the friendship, he to us displays,
Constant and true, unchangeable his ways:
No evil motive can from him issue,
His words, his laws, and his commands are true:
He cannot tempt with evil, or entice
A being to pursue the paths of vice.
Now if we taste or eat this food forbid,
How can we e'er the threaten'd fate evade?
For 'tis impossible for God to lie;
We cannot from our Maker's sentence fly;
But in the day we eat, 'tis certain we shall die.

Thus Eve, (yet true,) exprest her views, and fears,
And her belief. The serpent perseveres
In her attempt, to make the Fair believe
Her Maker false, untrue, and influence Eve
To break her vows to Man, and Food forbid, receive.

Thus to the Fair—I now will prove to you,
That our Creator's threat'nings are untrue ;
That we uninjured by the threat'ned fate,
May of the Tree of Knowledge, freely eat.
Four days have past since I, (myself,) receiv'd
The glorious food, and now four days I've liv'd
Since I partook, and eat, does this not prove,
That there is falsehood in the Power above ?
Does this not prove our Maker's threat'nings void,
When I have eat, and am not yet destroy'd ?
And furthermore, I'll now convince you Eve,
(If you do not what I assert believe,)
That Heaven's commands are false—I've of the food receiv'd.
Go view me eat of the forbidden Tree,
Thus will I prove what I assert to thee.
Then to the Tree, with a majestic air,
The Serpent walk'd, and eat before the Fair.
Thus to the Fair, she her vile views exprest,
And the vile depravations of her breast.
Behold *me* eat, and can *you* hesitate
To share, and with your friend participate,
Those hidden joys, or share this sweet repast,
So sweet and so delicious to the taste ?
Come Eve, no longer hesitate to eat
This glorious food, but make thyself complete
With noble views. Come and exalt thy mind,
By eating food for that wise end design'd.
Now I have prov'd our Maker's threat'nings vain,
How can you longer from the food refrain ?
You sure can eat the food, and still your life retain.

Surprised Eve, view'd the Serpent eat the food ;
The threat'ned fate, she then, not understood ;
For 'twas not death of body, but that love,
Or glorious image of the Power above,
That was to die in the same day they eat
The food forbid—this was the threat'ned fate ;
But the vile Serpent made the Fair believe
'Twas death of body—thus she blinded Eve,
To think her Maker false, and the vile food receive.

Though Eve had long with true and wise replies,
Shun'd the vile Serpents intrigues. arts, and lies,
Yet she was doom'd at last to fall a sacrifice!
What constancy could stand in such an hour!
Hell hovered round, and us'd its utmost power,
Full bent on Eve's destruction, she now stands
Tempted by pride, and by infernal bands!
Why did her Maker in that hour forbear,
To snatch from vile intrigue the graceful Fair?
'Twas this, that beings might behold his grace,
In the redemption of a fallen race;
And know by its sad influence on the mind,
Infernal friendship from the true and kind.
And let the Serpent for a moment boast,
That Paradise was by her influence lost—
That he might his vindictive justice show
In her defeat, disgrace, and overthrow.
That Man might triumph and extol his name,
In turning her own boasts, to her own shame.

The Serpent now by Satan's self inspir'd,
With thirst of fame, and with vile malice fir'd,
Now us'd her utmost arts to blind the Fair,
And to delude her to the fatal snare.
Now envy, malice, falsehood, wrath, and pride,
Deceit, malignity. and rage allied,
Swell'd her proud heart, (for satan lent her aid,)
And gave her power, while she her arts display'd;
And Eve, tho' innocent, becomes at last betray'd.
While the vile Viper laboured to controul,
Down her fair cheeks the tears successive roll,
(Unwilling to forsake, the dictates of her soul.)

While briny tears forth issue from her eyes,
She to the Serpent with regret replies—
Is our Creator false, or his commands unwise?
When he has warn'd us with a solemn threat
Of dissolution, if we touch. or eat
This Tree of Knowledge? Does he not fulfill
The threatened fate on those who break his will?

If he is false, unfriendly, and unjust,
In whom can beings safely put their trust?

Thus spoke Eve, (trembling,) for surpris'd she saw
The serpent break her Maker's holy law,
Still the vile Viper with delusive arts,
Unto the Fair, her evil views imparts—
Have I not yet convinc'd you by this deed,
That every evil does from Heaven proceed?
And that the friendship I retain for you,
Is real friendship, wise, sedate, and true?
And that our Maker's strict commands are vain?
That we may eat, (and still our lives retain,)
Of this delicious Tree? By Heaven design'd
To make us wise, and to exalt our mind
With noble views, and to unclose our eyes,
And make us by our own experience wise?
Come eat the food that does joys unfold;
Your eyes will then be opened to behold
What's real wisdom, what are noble views;
No longer Eve my wise advice refuse—
But eat at once of this delicious Tree,
Made for our use, delightful, fair, and free.

Eve now by art deluded to believe
Her Maker false, was tempted to receive
The Tree forbid, and of its branches taste,
And with the serpent share the vile repast.
Just as the Sun, (with a celestial ray,)
Had trac'd one half of the ethereal way,
From its first dawning state, to where its beams decay,
Fair Eve deluded, her own bliss forsakes,
And of the vile forbidden Tree partakes;
Half forc'd, and half persuaded, she receives
The food forbid, and eats the poisonous leaves!
And finds at once her peaceful nature chang'd,
And her contented happy mind derang'd—

For in that hour her Maker's Image died,
That love of truth which long had been her guide,
And her late happy breast, fill'd with deceit and pride.
Vile image of that evil power below,
From whence all grief and all our sorrows flow,
And cause of all the woes that mortals undergo.

Eve now becomes the lover of deceit,
And Heaven's fair image, (holiness,) her hate.
And ever since through every age we find,
Deception planted in the female mind;
False in their love, they promise and deceive,
And in dissimulation copy Eve.
But few excepted act a nobler part,
And constant heed the dictates of their heart.

The Serpent now pleas'd with her great success,
In making Eve her Maker's laws transgress;
And mov'd by pride, she seeks to sink the rest,
And to efface Heaven's image from their breast;
First she advises Eve to break her vows,
And to partake the Tree. Delude her spouse,
And to betray him she persuades the Fair,
While she herself, would labour to ensnare
The beasts, and birds, to break the law divine,
And overthrow Heaven's wise, and kind design.

Now Eve in intrigue with the Serpent join'd,
(For like desires, and motives swell'd her mind;)
With art, her friend and partner to deceive,
Into like fate, becomes the aim of Eve.
The Serpent's image now her bosom mov'd,
And of her plans and intrigues she approv'd—
Unto the Serpent's counsels she adheres,
And Heaven's commandments she no more reveres.
Now by the Serpent's vile advice controul'd,
She feels a thirst for praise, for fame, and gold.
Fill'd now with pride, she thinks herself above
Her promise vows, and the delights of love,
And wise and friendly laws, enjoin'd by power's above.

She thinks the Serpent, now a friend sincere,
And does to all her vile advice adhere.

The vicious Viper fill'd with vile caprice,
Thus, unto Eve, continues her advice—
Now Eve be wise, go and retract thy vows,
That you once made to thy intended spouse,
And thy past promises of friendship break,
And with fair words delude him to partake
Of this forbidden Tree. Go wisely Eve,
And prove inconstant, and thy friend deceive,
And yet with artful words, induce him to believe
That I am truly friendly unto him,
But that the Owls, and I, and others deem
This thy connection, not an union, wise,
And that he ought to seek for other ties.
Since we so of your union disapprove,
You ought to break these solemn vows of love.

Thus the vile Viper with instructions base,
Instructed Eve to seek her own disgrace!
And thus the Serpent fill'd her heart with pride,
While *Adam* musing near the crystal tide,
Stray'd from the stream, and from the fountain roves,
To seek his partner 'mid the blissful groves—
Joyful he finds her in the fragrant bower,
(But what distress attends the fatal hour!)
She, who of late had crown'd his life with joy,
Now with deception seeketh to destroy:
Seeks to betray him with delusive art,
And pierce with broken vows, a constant heart.

Thus unto Eve, he his high joy exprest;
Dear friend and partner, high with virtue blest;
What wonderous gifts our Maker has bestow'd
On all who dwell in this bright fair abode;
We from his hand vast numerous gifts receive,
And by his care in this fair realm we live.
Now we who do these blissful fields traverse,
Can with the beasts, and with the fish converse—

And talk with insects, and with flying birds,
And understand, and comprehend their words.
What greater bliss can Heaven on us bestow,
Than those we feel, or by experience know?
Our joy's complete, and perfect is our bliss,
Angels ne'er felt sublimer joys than this.
As long as we from food forbid refrain,
So long shall we those blissful joys retain,
And feel those high delightful joys of love,
And live high honour'd by the powers above.

Thus spoke He thoughtless of her fallen state!
(Confiding in her promises of late,)
When Eve, now fill'd with pride, deludes him by deceit.
For the vile Serpent, (late,) had taught the Fair?
How to betray him, and her friend ensnare.
Obedient to her base infernal guide,
(The vicious Viper,) Eve sedate replied—
Great are the gifts our Maker has bestow'd,
On all who dwell in this bright fair abode:
Great are his gifts, and wonderful the power
Display'd in the creation of each flower:
Each blooming flower, each grove, and crystal stream,
Show the great goodness of this power supreme.
Yet that wise power that form'd all by his word,
Has gave us laws unfriendly and absurd—
Laws which if broke, will high exalt our mind,
And place us high above each beast or kind,
And vain the penalty unto his law enjoin'd—
For we may now the food forbid receive
And freely eat, and yet uninjured live.
For all that threat'ned penalty is void,
That we should surely die or be destroy'd
In the same day we eat. Now ought we trust
The Power above, and think him wise and just?
Since he forbears the threat'ning to fulfill,
On those who break his law, or break his will?
For our true friend, (the Serpent,) has partook
Of the fair food, and Heaven's commandments broke!

Four days she's liv'd, uninjured by the taste,
And with her I have shared the sweet repast!
Sweet is the food disign'd to make us wise,
Sweet to the taste and pleasant to the eyes—
Pure in its nature, and by Heaven disign'd,
High to exalt and animate our mind.
It fills the mind with high and noble views,
It in our hearts will noble thoughts infuse:
It will create new motives in the breast,
And will exalt us high above the rest!
O'er beasts and birds, and fishes of the stream,
This food will place us sove'reign, and supreme.
It will create new motives in thy soul;
This race will still be under your controul.
If such the glories of forbidden fruit,
It is an object worthy your pursuit.
Delicious food! Design'd to make us wise;
Design'd to open or unclose our eyes
To view what wisdom is, and where true wisdom lies.
Then from the fair suspending drooping boughs,
She plucks a poisonous Apple for her spouse,
Regardless of her late sedate, and solemn vows
To prove sincere, and constant in her love,
And to the law enjoin'd by powers above!
False to her word, she to her friend presents
The food forbid! While he with grief relents
Her depravation—for he view'd the change,
And her once constant, holy mind derang'd.
Of holy views he finds his friend deprav'd,
And evil motives in her heart engrav'd.
Deeply he mourns her loss and fallen state,
With grief he views the Serpent's vile deceit!
He views his friend in whom he late had plac'd
All confidence, by vile advice disgrac'd!
Sunk from the highest bliss, he views the Fair;
Concludes at once to eat, and with her share
His Maker's just displeasure, or the fate
That Eve must suffer in her fallen state.
But first with tears his fallen friend address'd,
And thus his sorrow and his grief express'd—

And hast thou then thy late made vows forsook,
And of the food forbid by Heaven partook?
Dost thou believe Heaven false? Or dost thou Eve,
The Serpent's counsels for thy guide receive?
Are not the laws enjoin'd by powers above,
Our wisest guide? And ought you to approve
Of counsels, which entice you to forsake
Thy promises, or Heaven's commandments break?
Are not the law or counsels of thy breast,
The wisest guide, the wisest law and best?
Vile is the arts the Serpent has display'd;
By her false friendship, you are (Eve,) betray'd!
False is the friendship she retains for you,
'Twas not thy good, but 'twas her selfish view
Made her advise thee Eve, to eat and prove untrue.
'Twas not thy bliss or happiness she sought,
Nor does she wish thy glory to promote.
Nor did she think 'twould make your joys complete,
When she advis'd you to partake and eat
The food forbid! But 'twas her view and aim,
To sink you Eve, in deep disgrace and shame,
And to exalt herself, or her own power and fame.
Such is her friendship, and her view is this,
To break our ties, and to destroy our bliss.
And for instruction and advice occur,
Or make this race all bow and yield to her.
Such is the views that actuates her breast,
She means to guide and govern all the rest,
And make them all believe her own opinion best.
A sovereign guardianship she means to claim
O'er all this race, this is the Serpent's aim,
She seeks not for our bliss, or to exalt our name.
Ought we then Eve yield to the Serpent's pride,
And let her stand our monitor and guide?
And let that love implanted in our soul,
Be under her direction or controul?
Shall she now disunite the different kinds,
And make a speculation of their minds?
If we unto her vile advice adhere,
Or think her friendship unto us sincere,
And from our Maker's wise commands depart,

(That law divine engraved within our heart,)
Or loose our image of the power above,
We must be from this blissful garden drove;
And loose our Maker's favour, and be driven
Far from the favour and the smiles of Heaven.

Thus spoke he, but his counsels were too late,
Eve had already lost her happy state,
And eat the food forbid, which penalty was fate!
Nothing could be obtained that could restore,
Her deprav'd heart, to what it felt before.
She'd eat the food, now to true wisdom blind,
She to her friend again express'd her mind—
What means thy grief, or why do you distrust
The Serpent's friendship, can it be unjust?
Has she not eat of the forbidden food,
And found it sweet, delicious, fair and good?
And prov'd that we may the same food receive,
And eat uninjured, and survive and live?
Live and survive, although the power on high,
To us declared that we should surely die
In the same day we of the tree partook?
And yet the Serpent has touch'd, eat, and broke
That strong injunction, and prov'd vain the threat
Of certain death, the day they touch, or eat?
No longer then forbear, but take the food,
Pleasant, delicious, glorious, fair, and good.

Deluded by these friendly words of Eve,
(Not thinking she intended to deceive,)
He takes the food, presented from her hand,
(Regardless of his Maker's strict command)
Precipitately eats, and finds his breast
With different views, and different thoughts impress;
For in that hour his heart becomes deprav'd,
And evil views were in his breast engrav'd.
He fell from holiness, that fatal hour,
And lost the image of the heavenly power,
And his Creator's likeness; and become
A child of pride; such was his choice and doom.
Instructed by the Serpent how to act,

The fallen Eve does thus her vows retract,
And to her friend thus her intent disclos'd,
Our friend, (the Serpent's,) to our ties oppos'd :
As she is oldest, she must be obey'd,
Therefore I must retract my promise made,
Obedient to her words, I must thy sight evade.
And yet the Serpent is a friend sincere
Unto thee Adam—and you ought revere
Her words and counsels, and obey her will,
Though it don't coincide with what you feel.
She adds no more, for so she had been taught
By the vile Viper, (who with art had sought
To break their ties, and to destroy their love,
And make them false unto each other prove.)

Now by the Viper's vile deceit and art,
They from each other for a while depart,
And disregard the law implanted in their heart.
Far from her kind, (inconstant) Eve now flies,
Pleas'd with the hope of winning higher ties,
And thinks the Serpent's counsels, friendly, true and wise.
While her true friend whom she had now betray'd,
To mourn her loss into a forest stray'd.
Deeply deprest, he mourns his fallen state,
Laments his own, and Eve's unhappy fate ;
While the proud Serpent fill'd with malice and deceit,
Derides his disappointment, and reviles
His deep depression, with contempt and smiles.
O'er Man she triumphs, thoughtless of her doom
Or condemnation, or of wrath to come.
For wrath immense, was by her Maker stor'd,
To be some future day upon her pour'd.
To show his justice, and his power to all,
In dooming her upon her breast to crawl,
And giving Man a time to triumph in her fall.

Now the vile Viper all her power exerts,
To change and place new motives in the hearts
Of beasts, and birds, now spread around the bowers,
And blissful parterres cloth'd with golden flowers.

Round the fair garden the vile Serpent raves,
And with her counsel the fair race depraves;
Tempts all to prove inconstant to their love,
And the fair image of the power above.
Advises all to eat forbidden food,
And spreads destruction round the fair abode.
As raging winds on deserts burn't with thirst,
Contaminate and fill the air with dust;
Pour showers of sand into a neighbouring vale,
Destroys its plants, and softens to a gale.
So the vile Serpent with her vile advice,
Spreads sad destruction round fair Paradise.
Seeks with her counsels all the race to guide,
And to implant that evil spirit pride,
Within their hearts, and from their hearts destroy,
Their kind affections, (source of all their joy.)
One after one, successively forsakes
Their Maker's law, and of the food partakes—
Till all the numerous kinds of beasts and birds
Partook, (deluded by her treacherous words.)
All lost the image of the Power above,
And prov'd inconstant to the joys of love.

Thus was the race of Paradise deprav'd,
And evil motives in their heart engrav'd.
Thus Man, and beasts, and birds, and insects fell,
And did from their own happiness rebel.
Thus all that did in Paradise reside,
Become the children, or the slaves of pride.

What woes attended their unhappy fate,
Or fall from holiness, or joys sedate,
What discord, wars, & strife, pride did in them create,
And how they left the bright celestial sphere,
Drove out with conscious guilt, and deadly fear,
Will in another work, (in stile like this,) appear.

ERRATA.

The reader will please to correct the following errors, which escaped notice.

Page	16	*line* 9	*read* show	*instead of*	through.
	25	29	tied		tried.
	31	last line	beneath		in.
	32	9	vile		his.
	42	37	with		wite.
	45	25	each		with.
	56	1	sad		and.
	58	15	think	between and	& the.
	60	12	the		their.
	67	35	elfs		else.
	71	24	gift		gilt.
	83	13	and		in.
	107	23	motives, between	counsels	& plans.
	109	8	and, between	minds	& forms.
	118	24	be, between	now	& join'd.
	123	last line	behoof		reproof.
	134	34	pearls		hearts.
	146	13	she'll		she will.
	159	4	surely		scarcely.

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